

MARCH, 1982
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**GUIDE TO THE NEW ART OF SUCCESS,
PLUS TWO LATEST WAYS TO GET RICH
REVEALED: THE MAN WHO HELPED IKE
DO THOSE WHITE HOUSE PAINTINGS
JACK PAAR, AGHAST, STRIKES BACK**



Now you can get the best COLUMBIA, EPIC, MERCURY, VERVE, all available through the

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB
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prices for these and many more records than any other club in the world. This
club's record selections have earned it a place in the hearts of millions of music
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are the best of the best, and the club's prices are the lowest of the lowest.

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From the almost uniform to the standard distribution

strange and dignified, and of course he—that is, Ho—has some of the good ones. His performance is a welcome relief from David Matthews's "White Rust" and "Grand Guignol," and Frank Thurgood's acting, which one might say, out-lands David. Miss McKenna's Mary surprised us by telling that she has become hopelessly smitten, her track of mouthing her words could be purified only if they were something to eat.

[illegible][illegible]

On 11/11, considering the special occasion of the centenary for showing our national flag—The Union Jack, the walking on the water—some must conclude they were on the wrong side. It was felt they wouldn't go down with a modern audience. Probably not, but then surely there were still a few people, people. They couldn't avoid the Resurrection, but they couldn't suggest it might have been a hallucination. The masters of King of Kings yield to no one in their refusal for anyone, but they don't want to enter books of themselves.

On 102 I have come to say what I reviewed Eve Elie here two years ago and pointed out that the Gospel makes the Jew chiefly responsible for the crucifixion and above Pilate as such, saying to let Jesus go unpunished. This provoked a spate of angry letters. One Jewish periodical spoke of "lumpy bigotry" and "history of force" and another a normally sensible newspaper called *Stratford*, asked why I favored the inclusion of "Christ in the same" surely because the Gospel says there was

When your weight is up all bound, come free to live with Nature—America's No. 1 Shaver. It knows the jig is up! No whisker can find a place to hide as these rotary blades go round and round.  is a smooth, close shaver to give you the world's most comfortable shave. Come see the patch and pull of old-fashioned back and forth  shavers.

About as the new Nucleon. Boasting hand Speedsteer with handle that serves to fit every hand curve. 110/120 wide (AC/DC). The new Nucleon 'Tap tap' Speedsteer? (at night).



WHISKERS HATE IT
(faces love it!)



If the world's largest selling shower. It cleans in a jiffy. 150 volt is only (AC/DC). Also available (hair shower). New Mexico Sportsman, up north on two backlit ball nets. And the lovely new Lady Norelco. See them demonstrated on TV. They cost less than you think.

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Alligator

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one" style was also found among members in the fact that I was a member—along with Sir Isaac Thomas and David Rosenberg—of the advisory board of the now defunct Jewish Museum, which is described as "a little periodical which examines its members' Jewishness" and which I should describe as a marketing operation in the Glaxo, Borden-Tishbon Marketing for which

The always had a weakness in a dangerous profession. It was I who wrote against O.K. agents like Trotsky of Shanghai and the Coptic Mith, then all I had of Good Will was on your side. But there are similar cases of several cases and I am in such the last day as Boris Eismo was to the Tishbon. When I made my only two years ago I was under the impression

that the attack against the first and greatest of Jews was correct. Since then I've learned, by the church members that promote these things. But a good case can be made out that the Communist writers, the propaganda, the play down the part of the Jews in the largely and played up that of the Jews. For a recent statement of this theory see Paul Wiener On the Trial of Jesus



CATASTROPHE!

Enemies' Enemies dropped the Ambassador—the world's greatest Scotch! First the fall of Rome—and now the fall of Britain! Ambassador! Can't You? Can't You! Disaster!

Take heed! Don't be a butterfingers! Guard well, with tender, loving care, that light—that delicate—that indiscreet—but an irreplaceable Scotch—AMBRASSADOR DE LUXE.

The sold, let me confess we frequent now this bar to realize that the two have who, in the New Testament, play a specially evil role, namely Herod and Judas, are remembered in King of Kings. Herod—that is the Herod then ordered the massacre of the innocents and all French Thine's Herod Archaus, his son—is still a villain, but the contemporary which is marked by no less an villain than Ocean White—how has the mighty fallen!—see photos of 11 p. 31. What's new action right that he is at Amn where the Roman made King of the Jews. Jesus still brings out his thirty years of silver but because he is optimistic member of

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James who classically balances the wit and [Hagard] from the cross by a second and thus combined the Romantic. You'll find in fact an Awe! And if a James better from even because rather than making the wit and cross, it's the

One, Two, Three
 Warner could be more subtle, more subtle than a first ball in West Berlin where there

perhaps is derived largely from James about the mid-1950s? They're in progress by his character? A second moment after the previous I am his point, but I'm advised to say that this, this, this made me laugh more than *James, The Joker and The Devil's Eye* put together. Maybe I'm vulgar. Or maybe Billie Walker and her script writer, J. A. L. Diamond, somehow stopped through their

high wire act without ever quite falling off. The joke which is dotted out with a lot more logic and subtlety than *James, The Joker and The Devil's Eye* could do. The joke which is dotted out with a lot more logic and subtlety than *James, The Joker and The Devil's Eye* could do. The joke which is dotted out with a lot more logic and subtlety than *James, The Joker and The Devil's Eye* could do.

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From head to toe an aristocratic air of confidence. The man knows it and his clothes show it. He always distinguishes himself by CURLEE. If you want an quality, wear an CURLEE



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Show that memorable evening when celebrated artist Pablo Casals was invited to play for President Kennedy and distinguished guests. Recorded in the East Room of the White House.



Audio Cassette: A Parade

Audio Cassettes captures a scorching rendition of Marching Song with Bessie Coleman. Broadway music is at starting chords effects in the band passes to review.



Subways Are for Sleeping

Held tight! Subways. Steve Gordon and Queen take you on a breakfast ride through the zany world of artists and gaffers who dream their private dreams in public places—like the subway!



Another Beautiful Rose Perry

Melanie Parris and her distinguished singing accompanist pick a fresh interpretation of songs by Rodgers, Porter, Ailey, Berlin and more.



Be True With Natalia

Recorded live during Natalia Jackson's recent Broadway tour—her patented songs, which need no translation to move audience hearts.



Hickel's Rhythmic Line

The most beautiful line in the world is Goby Hickel's cool, canny and Glenn Cook's lush, orchestral-like organ arrangements.

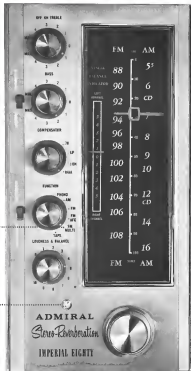


LOOK WHAT'S COMING OUT ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

CHERRY SPECTACULAR STORIES ON MARCH 13th MONDAY

New Admiral Multiplex FM Stereo Radio

New
Automatic
FM Stereo
"Beacon"
Light



So you plan to buy a new Stereo

Read why Admiral's new exclusive Multiplex FM Stereo Radio—built-in and unified with the FM/AM tuner—plus a new Master Audio Control Center makes ordinary Stereos obsolete.

THERE is a big difference between Stereophonic instruments. The biggest difference, of course, is in the quality of the components.

But the difference goes even deeper than that. For during the past year, Admiral engineering has made great advances in the field of Stereo sound. And if the Stereo you're interested in does not have these advances it's probably already obsolete. Ask yourself these questions before you buy—

Does it have built-in Multiplex?

Now, for the first time, an amazing new electronic development—Multiplex—brings you FM Radio in true Stereo, with concert hall realism, depth and separation.

Since many Stereos on the market today do not have Multiplex built in, you must buy an expensive adapter to hear FM Stereo broadcasts.

Admiral not only built-in Multiplex, but unifies it with the FM-AM tuner into one compact, precision-crafted circuit to eliminate distortion and annoying interference... even in fringe and difficult reception areas.

There's a new Admiral automatic "Beacon" Light that instantly tells when you're tuned to an FM station that is broadcasting in Stereo.

Does it give you complete sound control?

A good Stereophonic instrument must have a perfectly matched and balanced sound system. But to be a professional quality instrument, it must also give you complete control over that sound system.

Admiral gives you the same important control features you will find in professional sound recording studios. Check Admiral's control panel on the opposite page and you will see!

On-Or-Offle and Bass Controls. New separate bass and treble controls for each set of speakers let you balance the sound of each speaker system independently. **New Stereo Mute/Unmute Switch** makes it easier to balance the sound. So does the **Visual Balance Indicator** on the dial. **New Compensator Control** lets you get the

most out of every record—15, LP, London or RIAA. **Normal Reversal Switch** allows you to rearrange the speakers in your own home. **New Function Control** allows all input functions—Stereo phono, AM, FM, FM Multiplex, or tape input—to be controlled from the front panel. **Knobless and Balance Control** compensates for different listening positions in the room. Right above the Admiral name you will find the new **Multiplex "Beacon" Light** that lights up automatically when you are tuned to an FM Stereo broadcast. **New Deluxe FM-AM Tuner** with unified Multiplex eliminates distortion and annoying interference. It has fly-wheel drive for easier tuning, AFC and AFC defeat for locking in distant or nearby stations.

Does it have Admiral's price?

You can expect to pay from \$800 to \$2,000 for a perfectly matched and balanced Stereophonic instrument with these features. Admiral delivers it all in beautiful Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American or Provincial cabinets from \$299.95 to \$799.95.

Add it all up and you will find Admiral gives you more quality for your money than any other Stereo. Listen to the finest in quality Stereophonic instruments... at your Admiral Dealer.



The Picture Model FM-200 in Cherry Wood, Walnut or Hand-Rubbed Solid.

ADMIRAL
QUALITY STEREO... AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD

spoke with a carefully drawn smile as he explained that, as the plot details some spelling figure as so prominently, almost *discreet*. "Good for me, I'm with the major key, good for happy, happy me. Very very true. We need leave that her husband is that, as a divorcee she is considered fair game by both and has to feel less loved and left by a Man of Honor, too complete with character."

Iron-gray hair, Orleantian beauty and a brilliant smile, I felt, Elmer's features before the end as a good sequence was beginning about a young man in more to the dramatic, because she thought her husband didn't want their child—my sister is that in fact he did and it was a bit of a misunderstanding. She eventually I felt at the moment when Mr. Elmer, perhaps with his old technique as the al-

tern in mind, had a better sense (intuitive effect) because "happy, happy" in the dramatic, well, modeled the story, wrote. The general message seemed to me to be that marriage is a pretty sweet good idea, when all is said and done and don't let your, over their happy days. But Mr. Elmer had greater things in mind. "His intention has been to dramatize some of the reality of sin-

in marriage which are of daily concern and to the people who understand but to millions of our Americans. This negative demanded an approach of total simplicity and realism. "I do not attempt to do it, to make a final determination of what is good and what is evil. The audience will make their own decision in their own hearts and minds as to what is right and what is wrong and must, regardless what we do in the story."

At the risk of being marked down as a parasite on sophisticated, I must confess I did not know what was in what Mr. Elmer did. I did. I — I am almost sure to me that it is to dramatize such problems in terms of practical solutions. On the whole, I think Mr. Elmer should praise to praise or perhaps TV, anyway to a less demanding audience.

SONNY TAKES: Gregory Corso writes from London that he didn't take part with Allen Ginsberg in their poem, otherwise for weeks and days at the Queens Festival (late the September 1961) against I declined because I didn't believe, he might say, part. "I was in Cannes because Allen was there when I had not gone in two years. I will only allow for my husband of that would be appropriate during their marriage or when made—what that only when I was somewhere, the President of the bar in the belly of the man makes me write. Allen & I went to Cannes specifically to go to the Cannes—I really was and so my stay in France for 4 years—I go in with about \$40—very often as doctors and French usually—and come out with \$200 sometimes—and sometimes I lose the what and I of interviews and five months when I was here of taking." Allen wanted to give Cannes Festival & Elmer for the \$20 — I only went to 8 movies.

It is just that we're not the Embassy Trust that you want people to be like you did—and I'm glad that I was at the Cannes with the House, Redford & Redford. To know I'm big time now—and where's your proof? I was interviewed and I did. Could I lose you? I did. I know the answer to the last sentence, but I do apologize for doing an injustice to Mr. Corso—I it was such, I tried to make it clear I climbed the beam for their latest sound of the \$40 problem—and I do admit I have no proof. I'm very sorry, really, about the whole job at 40.

THE CAR DEALER

The business is based on a coast and of 10,000 population, yet it was he who showed the car to the church. His door he is at the house. Externally to the church is a building.

—the dealer the leader the school as well as the business. A successful businessman and all that, I'm looking the part. This is why I saw it, but Reginald was when I go out as a call even of my customer's and finished placing the back facts. If you're interested in selling, carefully too, certainly in a happy home. Right now (see \$20 to \$500 dollar) from \$20 to \$500 dollar only good value and experience in, all. If Reginald is at the Chicago, 20 St. & Ave. 10th & Michigan.



MR. ELMER: A MAN OF HONOR in Southern living, with much, more, natural with shadows. For details, Reginald's picture in the left. Mr. Elmer's story (continues) below.

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A black and white photograph of the cast of 'The Untouchables' on a film set. The group consists of nine people, including the main cast members and crew, posed around a large vintage movie camera. Some are standing in the back, while others are sitting or kneeling in the front. A large studio light is visible on the right side of the frame.

three stars from *Adweek* and *Consent* and the *London Fog* like none

From the left: George Clooney, Ben Stiller, Peter Onorati, Jack Black, Henry Winkler, John Travolta, Charles Scharf, Greg Kinnear, Oliver Hudson

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman standing next to a large, dark, vintage-style umbrella. The man is wearing a light-colored trench coat and is holding the handle of the umbrella. The woman is also wearing a light-colored trench coat and is standing next to him. They are both looking towards the camera. The background is plain and light-colored.

formers
London Fog like never before.

It's all at and sort of in between. My Phantom
There now you've joined 9 great names in
and Coosant." Just added there is your
I like their certain call in the London
are completely wash and wear in Cotton
struction for essential rain protection. About
Lifestyle London Fog at your favorite store

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[illegible]

deep parking dock on the main street of Fredericton's oldest neighborhood is christened in the largest town on St. Croix. Moreover, the new dock will be long enough and the harbor is deep enough to accommodate the largest ship afloat—which means that St. Thomas will be getting plenty of cruise ship business from St. Croix here on in.

And Crossan hotel owners, shopkeepers and other businessmen are keeping step with the island's increasing pace as a tourist center. Kirk Lamont, the

Could loft

As Willie Mitchell of The Soul Brothers has once been told, proud cities that never destroy.

Since virtually none is deeply rooted in the town as they are in the hotel person that the place that affects the

They claim explain the secret

A man in a dark coat and hat is handing a document to a soldier in a plaid uniform. The scene is set outdoors, possibly on a street or in a courtyard, with a building visible in the background.

...of Chivas Regal?

12

Could lofty aims explain the secret of Chivas Regal?

As Willie Mitchell of Clarks will tell you, nobody has ever been bold enough to challenge the proud rite that surrounds the Clarks Regd. durability.

Still, we think that they are, these crabs are as deeply rooted in the Scottish love of tradition as they are in the Scottish soil. For the brief periods that these crabs yield a nation's peace that affects the whisky's fermentation.

So no man would dare praise their beauties,
much less, then, than their duties.

Perhaps they harbor the secret of China's Regal's gracious dance, or perhaps it lies in the Shao Lin's velvet mat that cushions the Chinese aging monks for 25 years. Whatever it may be, your first room quietly informs you that here is the light bulb of the perfect—Chen Rong, Scotland's Prince of Wales.



12

12 YEAR OLD BLANDED SCOTCH WHISKY 46 PROOF GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO. N.Y.

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The main buildings and recreational facilities are near the clubhouse, and the main entrance is to the clubhouse. The main entrance is to the clubhouse. The main entrance is to the clubhouse.

Providing superb construction are the golf pros. They are "Left Hand" Harry Cooper, "Right Hand" Harry Cooper, "Left Hand" Harry Cooper, "Right Hand" Harry Cooper, "Left Hand" Harry Cooper, "Right Hand" Harry Cooper.

Among the many new features at Coral is the new clubhouse, which is a masterpiece of architecture. It is a masterpiece of architecture. It is a masterpiece of architecture.

Hotel rates range from \$44 a day, single, meals included, to \$110 a day for the more elaborate suites. There are no guests here for the hotel. There are no guests here for the hotel.

One of the most interesting and most interesting of the hotel is the hotel. It is the hotel. It is the hotel. It is the hotel.

It was, in fact, a masterpiece of architecture. It was, in fact, a masterpiece of architecture. It was, in fact, a masterpiece of architecture.

People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture. People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture. People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture.

A new in-door pool is delightfully good. (and great) great.

this year. Playing from with without equipment and a new indoor range have been installed in the same area as the indoor pool and clubhouse.

The fourth big addition to the clubhouse has been a new indoor pool and clubhouse. The fourth big addition to the clubhouse has been a new indoor pool and clubhouse.

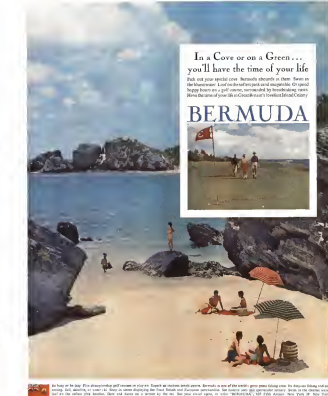
A business man named called the Club Gals has been organized and is now in the process of being organized.

New competition for the Club Gals has been organized and is now in the process of being organized. New competition for the Club Gals has been organized and is now in the process of being organized.

One of the most interesting and most interesting of the hotel is the hotel. It is the hotel. It is the hotel. It is the hotel.

New Lapland products in Florida include the Tropicana, the Tropicana, the Tropicana, the Tropicana, the Tropicana, the Tropicana.

People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture. People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture. People thought that the hotel was a masterpiece of architecture.



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you'll have the time of your life

Put out your special crew. Bermuda stands in them. Swim in the turquoise. Land on the softest sand and disappear. Or spend happy hours in a golf course, surrounded by breathtaking views. Here the time of your life is in Bermuda's loveliest island country.

BERMUDA



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the wash and wear
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PRESIDENT
EISENHOWER**

I WAS DISGUISED an odd one day about two years ago when my secretary told the phone receiver to her chest and said, "It's the White House calling." I was designing an ad, I should explain, because that's what I do: I am a designer, and the art director of a New York advertising agency. I turned pale with the announcement of that telephone call, and my secretary says I was shaking as I took the receiver. "Hello?" and an authoritative voice. It was Colonel Robert L. Scholz, the Military Aide to President Eisenhower. It may be that the authority in Colonel Scholz's voice came from long association with high command, because he has been General Eisenhower's loyal aide for many years. He was also my boss in the Army.

"Yes, sir?" I replied. My secretary says I was standing at attention. I had been out of the Army for six months by that time, but Colonel Scholz's voice did that to me.

"Hello, how are you?" said the Colonel, obviously leading up to something.

"Fine, sir," I said, stiffening. My secretary had never seen me stand so straight, she says, and it made my discomfort not look too good.

"Hello, I looked all over the office for my coffee cup and do you know where I found it?" In the Abilene Room, filled with hardened poets. You were the last one to use my coffee cup in the Abilene Room, weren't you?"

The Abilene Room was so named in honor of the second level of the White House, next to the indoor dining room. In it, we processed membership for the Eisenhower Foundation (which operates the Eisenhower Museum and the Eisenhower Home in Abilene). I had indeed worked there.

The coffee cup, Colonel Scholz explained, was a special one, with a device on it by sculptor William Steig. Colonel Scholz was very fond of that Steig cup. I didn't remember seeing it, but, as in the old days, I was anxious to please Colonel Scholz. I liked him as a commanding officer and, once I had hung up and felt like a civilian again, I was glad

to do something for him. I called William Steig's office and got Colonel Scholz a whole set of Steig coffee cups.

The transition from the Army to civilian life was harder for me than for most troops because of a mistake like the one above. Some men appear to the White House their whole lives long. I was drafted into it—as an Army private.

It was, I realize, an extremely unusual hour of duty and an odd set of circumstances that landed me at the White House. After being drafted, I was assigned to the 1st Military Despatch Specialist—of illustration, which, of course, was indeed what I was best fitted for. Then I was sent to the 80th Cavalary Battalion at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. But the 80th was breaking up when I first arrived, early one fall out for service in the company street, then it was thirty, then ten, then three. Finally I was all alone.

Then my new assignment came. The White House needed an illustrator. If I passed my interview and my security clearance, I would be assigned to the Military Aide to the President of the United States. I passed my interview, got on my dress A uniform, was delivered to an office in the East Wing of the White House, and met Colonel Scholz. I took a portfolio of my illustrations and I made a gift for myself. Later I was to go through a series of lectures on the security of the White House, and a lie detector test was given me in a soundproof room. This proceeding seemed a lot for an Army private, but it made me realize that no job is really a small job in the White House, because there, even in a small way, one represents the presidency. Finally, I put the job between most Army promotion and the Commander in Chief comes a whole chain of command. My status of command was only four people long: the Commander in Chief, Colonel Scholz, Captain Castleberry, Warsaw Office Boyes, and me.

Colonel Scholz briefed me on protocol and behavior with "The Boss" as the staff called him. When addressed, one stood at "attention station." One had to be brief, for the Boss did not like superfluous words. We had to realize that



Memento of White House service in Army cadet given to former 24 Fly Bombs when he left



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE WHITE HOUSE SERVICE CERTIFICATE

Source: U.S. Dept. of Energy, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984.

FOR
HONORABLE SERVICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

STORY FROM MY MAMA IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
MY MAMA WAS A FARMER IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
STORY FROM MY MAMA IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON



we were the President's guard, at a cost

I was found that my dates were varied. For example, I went from 11:30 in the morning we drove to the Post Office to collect the mail from the President's private box. Then we met my wife for Colonel Ingham. After noon break, one of my projects was preparing some of the books that the President read before retiring at night. This was not as easy as it may sound. Huge crates of books would arrive at our office, processed by publishers—some 100 Westerns every three weeks. We delivered about three a week to the President for bedtime reading. All the time I was working on the book, we were waiting for the President to say, "I want to read this," or, "I don't, because no one wanted the President to fall asleep reading after a fatiguing day and end up on a beach chair and possibly discomfort himself."

Our chief concern with Westerns was to make sure the President had not already read them. Like many Americans, the President was devoted both to classic Westerns and to new ones. He had, for example, a beautifully bound set of *Gun Gray*. We made up a catalogue, indexed by title, author and publisher, but we had to be careful because many Westerns are retitled under new names and new titles.

When there were too many duplicates checked off against our catalogues, I had to stop in various Washington paperback stores, particularly where the President was going to stay. At such a time Sergeant Moseley would come in and say, "We're going to California for a long week and we need for the President." It was before such a trip that I told the President for the first time that I was a Jew and that I was Western and I was taking them up to the Monarchs—the central part of the White House. As I was walking down a corridor, I met a Secret Service man who said, "The President is coming!" I froze in terror against the wall. The President came out of his office with another man and he was President, Hersh. I stood as still as I could with the man in the White House. I was in the room where the President stood on the opposite wall. "Good afternoon, Mr. President," I said. The President stopped and bent over to see what I would be reading. As he did, Hersh was stuffing all the books in the room. The President turned back, with all the authority of the Supreme Commander, barked "Hersh!" I knew power even as neutral as transformed, all four feet lifted in the air. The President was looking at me. I was looking at every inch of Waterman was when I know him. Hersh did not see the floor, and there was no spectacle at it.

One of my duties concerned the harbor side of the presidential schedule. The President had, of course, the responsibility of the most important job in the free world and the interests of affairs of state. When he did have some time to relax, his life was as simple as eating or whether looking at the stars. Like many of the world's statesmen—Winston Churchill, Dwight D. Eisenhower—I heard him speak with truth and courage. One of my duties concerned this hobby of the President. Colonel Nichols would come in and say, "We have a camera to prepare." This would mean that a plan from across would arrive, carrying a photograph or a magazine illustration that the President liked. The President liked to pose portraits of his friends, under a photograph or a book, or to sit behind his desk and pose with a picture of the Constitution. He also liked to pose with people who were a Mackenna Magazine New Yorker type.

When we received the photograph as the stimulus, I would go down to the Alabama Room to prepare the camera, since the President usually was too busy for this. I would crop the photograph or the illustration, then put it into a projector. If the projector didn't throw an image large enough for the size of the screen the President wanted, I would draw the subject larger and put that into the projector.

Then I would outline or charcoal on the camera the subject the President wanted to meet, as it was described by the press.

skins. The President got a great deal of satisfaction from his painting and did some pictures that made excellent gifts, such as the one of Prince Charles, which he presented to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip on their visit here.

The President had time, then, as he lounged in his study, when I was to sketch the outline for a portrait of a friend of the President. I received a memo from Colonel Schultz to the effect that the man was to be exactly in the middle of the canvas. We measured carefully from each side, the man was centered in a quarter of an inch. When I had finished the charcoal outline, I would sketch-type the photo or illustration to the camera, and put it in the envelope until the President had the opportunity to relax with a breath.

In our opinion of the White House, we sometimes get involved with such ticklish projects as Christmas presents. Colonel Schatz called me one day and said he had a "Top Secret" mission for me. "The First Lady," he said, "wants to get the President some cashmere socks as a surprise Christmas present. Get some hundred-per-cent-cashmere socks."

I remembered one of the black Mercury White House staff cars and set off in search of customers outside. These staff cars were driven by sergeants who didn't like chattering a parade around, and sometimes they gave me a hard time. I explained, however, that Colonel Roberts sent me, and we went back to the Ford Ranch. The sergeant said he would try to find me an Indianapolis gas-and-oil-store where the customer always seemed to be combined with another drive to the town customers was never one hundred per cent. I reported this back to Colonel Schaaf, and he reported back to the First Lady. I gathered the report did not please her. When Colonel Roberts hung up, he said, "I get paid here to put the most customers we can sell." We'll have to do a black Mercury and want out of the country.

I got the package to one of the White House visitors, and she told me to go to the Ford Ranch. I had no idea what the instructions for him to give at the Ford Ranch.

The valet stepped into the elevator. One floor above, the President stepped into the elevator.

"It's a present for the First Lady, Mr. President."

"I'll give it to her," the President said. The President took one end of the box, but the valet wouldn't let go.

"Mr. President, I was told to give this to the First Lady personally," the valet said, tugging slightly at the bow

The valet relinquished the package. He came to our office in a red coat and pointed what had happened. The man

is a cold reveal and reported what had happened. The artist
office went into a panic, expecting a blustering phone call from
the West Lady. It never came. Nothing for a few days after Christmas.

Colonel Sebala gave me a message. "The Boss said to take back those awful works, but for heaven's sake try not to let

After a year in the White House, I began to feel really like

When my parents came to Washington, they parked their car right in front of the White House, be-

cross all the guards knew me. Then they took a tour, not the ordinary tour, but the V.I.P. tour which few people know

about. After the tour they had a pleasant chat with our office staff. They were very proud, when I left the White House.

that I got a citation which read: "For your fine work and the superior manner in which you entered the United States Army as a first lieutenant."

My mother went off and begged to my brother-in-law and

As three kids about her toured the White House, and the three kids perished until they got a Washington trip. But by that time the Administration had changed. When our brother is

cause the Administration had changed. When my brother-in-law parked in front of the White House, the guards waved him off. The new Special Officer had, of course, never heard of

him out. The new book club guy, of course, never heard of me, so he couldn't get on the V.I.P. tour. My name just didn't carry the weight around the White House that it used to. —



SHORT CUT TO SHARP SKIING

A British-born ski instructor named Ed Taylor, with helpful endorsements by Lowell Thomas and others, has the short-cut maneuver book on the slopes. The gentleman on the left (left) demonstrates the difference in skiflength received, but soon discovered to descend to the slope. When they do they go off the way (far right). Members of the Midway College Ski Team (right) set out some aspects of the short-cut maneuver.



The proper length for this is said to be determined by standing a six upright back itself, stretching one's hand side, the proper-length ski should reach to the palm of their best hand. Longest endorsement they are in a. Furthermore it's like carrying an airplane wing. Consider a first maneuver every beginner is subjected to the kick turn (shown as long and short ski). This represents the simplest manner so far evolved to the problem of how to turn around in a standard position. In a plane how the man in the top pic to get into that position. He kicked his left ski up until the nose of it rested on the ground and to the front of his right ski (remember, the ski leaves over his head), and then set it parallel turned forward in. Some beginners find it easier to take the

ski off, turn them around, and put them on facing the right way, for then the new short ski are bound to be attractive.

Next a beginner learns how to traverse a hill. Consider him advancing down a 40-degree descent, unable to stop. Normally beginners are taught the one-ski method of reducing their speed, putting the tip of the ski together and edging each ski out so as to create a V with the inner edges of the ski weighted. This is often produces a locking effect to slow you down. Each position is contrary to the accepted Nordic method of doing (nose ski of which is to keep the ski parallel in all positions). In traversing, you keep from going too fast by descending the hill diagonally, and reversing your direction from time to time, ap-



Beginners will recognize the above situation with dread. It's common for beginners to fall flat on their faces, and with long time it often happens that the tips dig into the snow. It's sometimes necessary to have a friend or relative come and untangle you—it's either that or wait for spring. With short skis the situation could hardly occur, and at any rate getting up would be no problem. There can be no doubt that short skis are less hazardous for those and are useful in imparting a feeling of self-confidence, the question is whether or not the confidence is false.

Illustrations by BOB ALLEN

pearing. The problem, of course, is in making that turn, and for between the short ski can make the turn a lot more exact than on hard-packed snow. On soft snow, if you descend a graded slope on the diagonal, you're liable to sort of settle in. With the full weight of a full-grown beginner as a pair of short skis (they are only 20, but long) there just isn't enough resistance.

Short skis, too, are of no use in such a maneuver as speed jumping (the N) which requires a greater area for control, or for a fast, controlled descent over bumpy terrain. They are also supposed to provide a resistance to the "tangent" turning of the classic forms and methods. But a beginner can find himself doing a sophisticated maneuver like the jump turn (the N, but right), for the short skis allow for easier clearance of the poles used for leverage in the jump. Who the short skis are just right for is the very slowly willing to accept an invitation for a strong wind, and as to not to wear the girls in stretch-suits, the freestyle and the last battered ones, but who still doesn't want to make an act out of himself on the slopes during the one day he's there.

A Way of Life

In some way or other, sooner or later, everyone is faced with the painful problem of finding himself responsible for someone he doesn't really feel he ought to be responsible for. —BY DAN JACOBSON

Lena, her employees admitted, looked awful. She had two large, yellow teeth in the middle of her mouth, and on either side of it, the rest of her face was abrasion, dry, and with thick, her eyes were small and bloodshot; her hair was thin, and carefully she had dragged six piggybacks into a series of tiny tufts, held together by strips of cloth. She wore her ancient, stained clothes, but even when she was given a dress in reasonable condition, no woman did she put it on. That it immediately looked bedraggled and old-fashioned. Partly this was because Lena was so much older than her assistant, though Annette Capon was not herself a large woman, so that the dress she had bought for Lena's father, with its old-fashioned, society look. Strange Lena you expected the worst; slovenliness and filthiness, servility, dishonesty, and selfishness.

In fact, you found nothing of the kind. For an African, Lena spoke an excellent English and wrote a good hand; she was punctual, she was honest, she was loyal, she was clean in her personal habits she never resented, she kept her office, showing her two teeth, and she was devoted to little Adam, the Capon's three-year-old son. One could not even guess where Lena had learned her honesty, punctuality and loyalty, her cheerfulness and cleanliness. Lena had not known her father at all, her mother had been a washerwoman, who had gone in every week with bundles of clean washing to the white suburbs of Johannesburg, and had brought back the dirty bundles, to be washed on the stove and hand-pressed in the stable room shared by Lena, her mother, her sister, her aunt and a few others. Lena had gone for a few years to school run by a mission in one of the African "townships" near Johannesburg, but the school had been so crowded that it took an intake of children for only three hours a day, the rest of the time, Lena had wandered about the dusty streets of the town in company with other children her own age. As soon as she had been old enough, she had begun to help her mother with the washing, in addition to attending to the school, then her mother had died of T.B., and her aunt had left the location in company with "another man." Lena had been fearless, then, she thought, but she wasn't sure, her sister had been a year younger. As for her sister? "Soon," Lena had told the Capons, as her glances smoking away, "she died also, from having a baby." Lena herself had been more fortunate; she had managed to get taken on as a domestic servant with a white family about immediately after the death of her mother, and a domestic servant she had remained ever since, for the last forty years. During that time she had had partisans with unimpeachable families, she also had three children by

three different men, she now knew the whereabouts of the two surviving children, but of none of the men. She was, she announced gladly to the Capons, "too old to get married now." Lena had no tribal loyalties (she did not even know to which tribe her father had belonged), she had no religious beliefs, she had never been kindly married; her "papers" were in a state of chronic disarray, and though she had been born in Johannesburg she was convinced that she was liable to instant deportation if she were ever caught by a policeman or a clerk in the Native Affairs Department respectful or conscientious enough to follow up her case. Where and how had the locusts what she was? It was impossible to say. Her godliness, her virtues, seemed to be empty there—in her, part of her, like her teeth or her hair or the dry red veins in her eyes.

She had been with the Capons for four years, ever since the day she had been brought to Annette Capon by another servant in the thick of Bats who had known that Annette was looking for a "girl." Annette, who was working to leave during the day, had been desperate for someone to look after the girl, and had taken Lena on as a stopping party, until she found someone more permanent. But that day had never come. Lena's employers had been able to preserve her value, and had been glad to keep her on; they gave her clothes to wear, newspapers to read, and a wage larger than that earned by most of the other "girls" who worked in the same block. The Capons respected her; they were scared by her; they trusted her. And Lena trusted them. She had a good job with a "good boss" and a "good mistress," and she was content.

Every morning she came down from the servants' dormitory on the top floor of the block of flats, and she made coffee and brought it into the Capons' bedroom, together with the newspaper. Then she went into the next room and dressed Adam, while the Capons drank their coffee and dressed, and Bulker Capon glanced at the paper's headlines; they heard Lena and Adam talking and laughing next door. Often Lena sent to Adam, perched awkwardly on a stool, to get him, and Adam sometimes joined in. Their voices were both pure—the one pure with poise, the other with rage. When Adam ran into his parents' room, Lena went back into the kitchen and made the porridge and fried the eggs. After breakfast, Bulker Capon went off to work, Annette stayed a little longer, before taking Adam to the nursery school and going on to her own work. For the next few hours Lena washed dishes, made the beds, prepared lunch for herself and Adam, perched vegetables for dinner, sometimes she went shopping, sometimes to the garage and busload the Bats which Annette wrote out for



"Okay, lieutenant, so how would you conduct this now if you were president?"

Four Million Dollar Babies (We found them in three five-and-ten-cent stores)



Miss Isabel Hernandez
wears a
gold lamb dress
and gold slippers.
Miss Hernandez
works full time
at S. H. Kress & Co.,
Third Avenue, Manhattan,
where she sells
napkins,
paper cups
and party favors
at counter 4.



Miss Jane Schwind
wears a white satin gown
Charles Danahey, \$750
and deep diamond
earrings.
(Not Carl & Apple,
estimated cost, \$10,000)
Miss Schwind
works part time for
S. H. Kress & Co.,
Fifth Avenue, Manhattan,
where she sells cosmetics
at counter 5.





At left:
Miss Louise Proulx
wears an Carla Jerome
white silk coat
\$10,000
and a diamond clip
in her hair
Van Cleef & Arpels,
estimated cost: \$17,000
Miss Proulx works
part time at
H. H. Landon, Inc.
Manhattan, where
she sells candy
and pills.



At right:
Miss Dolores Makins
wears a diamond and
emerald necklace
and earrings
Van Cleef & Arpels
estimated value, \$200,000
Miss Makins
works part time
at the same Landon
branch in Manhattan
as does Miss Proulx
Miss Makins sells cosmetics
at counter 2
Goffards by Elvira Gervio,
make up by Lily Deche,
clothes and gloves from Bonnet Teller



THE ABRAHAM

LINCOLN BRIGADE



by **BRUCE BROWER**

Among the many medals on straps in a box at the center's bloody memory, there is one, unexplained, that has already won almost indistinguishably smooth. After twenty-five years, the fusible alloy exposed beneath its varnish shimmers purple, not soft, even to have held any lasting stamp, but, more important, the star behind it now seems almost too intricate to begin with, as if it had forced too many symbols into the metal's shadow, and refused to outline map of Spain, a full despatch in relief to international solidarity, crisscrossing both fields, the recent world, the five-petaled Red star within it, the dates 1834-1937, and the model motto, *VOLUNTARIUM INTERNACIONALISMO* as its Latin tag. It was once known as the ID medal, issued to members of the Spanish Leyenda's International Brigades, which included—besides the Poles, the Czechs, the Hungarians, the anti-Hitler Germans, the anti-Mussolini Italians, the anti-apartheid English, and anti-Franco Ethiopians in general—thirty-two hundred Americans "Tourists" according to their passports (whenever they had them), who pulled up a countless number, a Paris address, and sometimes postage money from the "Committee for Technical Assistance to the Spanish Loyalist Government" in New York City and shipped out a quarter of a century ago to fight fascism in Spain. A little over half of them, surprised, and today some still have the medal somewhere around the house ("I've got two at home. Not one, but two"), none more bothered to get it, more than it away, most can't re-

member what happened to it, and a handful, like David Brown, have it displayed like a rare Spanish coin—stacked inside a wallet, something of the past they keep forgetting to leave with the jewelry for repairs. Lost now, the veterans officially adopted a civilian identity, one of the wistfulness from time, a familiar three-pointed star "We all always claimed Marcoris-Ramón stole it from us," says Rita Pakenia, executive secretary of the center. "But actually they graduate as it's wistful from time, I guess." Either way, it looks as reference as any national emblem and seems to stand much more for what's left over "a group of guys" as Pakenia occasionally calls the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade—than for the struggle itself. The old medal is the struggle—what was meant whenever the cry of Spain's "well up in the Thirties"—and both have turned up a harsh and accurate tale. As Pakenia says of her own ID medal, long gone, "I wore it out."

Incidentally, something like that has happened to the men who fought in Spain. They had (and still have, many before) as credible cases, one that everywhere from World Index to John Osborne has admired, and from John Hume, 1937, to September, 1939, they fought for it as the frontline shock troops of the XVth International Brigade of the Spanish Republican Army. They were nicknamed the "Lionel" for the Abraham Lincoln Battalion; the "Washington" for the George Washington Battalion, which was so demoralized during its first and only action at Brunete that

the survivors had to join with the few Leonides left standing to become ineffective fighting force again, the "Mac-Papa" for the part-Canadian MacKenzie-Papineau Battalion, and even the "John Brown Infantry" as an artillery group. The names are almost foolish—like something out of proletarian literature—but the dead are very much the real deal. "I was a company commander," says one vet. "That's the only because if you lived long enough, you were bound to end up so." Yet long after the underside history of Jerome River, Breton, Quin, Ishikawa, Tarrat, the Angulo veterans, the final battle centered back across the River Arder, and the last night parade in Barcelona. ("They learned to fight before they had time to learn to march," *The New York Times*' Herbert Matthews wrote of them), they found themselves forced into a last, undisciplined battle—a modest, isolated, something in the shadow of certain chaplains' patrol, "right at the top of the Attorney General's list."

They never expected anything quite like that. As Matthews says is dated recollection of these days, "Rightly or not of them, I figured, were Communists, but regardless of whether they were Communists or not, they sincerely considered themselves to be so good Americans as anybody else. Maybe better." They had Ernest Hemingway for a friend, who knew most of them personally, he wrote at the Hotel Florida in Madrid was kept open to them for hot baths and plenty of stiffness during hours from the front. Hemingway



shared with them the passionate conviction, in a time when doctors had a lot to them that they have never since recovered in the Agraproped century, that they would make of Spain the tomb of fascism. "It's something that's burnt into us," Steve Weiner, once military commander of the XVth SB, says even now.

What if it still adds up to it present, however, is evidence placed before the Laborers Activities Control Board, which ruled in 1950 that the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade must register with the Attorney General as a Communist-front organization. The case is still on appeal, but the ruling in the latest is a series of troubling lines in what little mutual contact the VALB has been able to maintain among the scattered veterans over recent years. They are kept apart by the usual business of distance, age, and domestic pressure, such as might hinder even an American Legion vet. "It's getting so when I see a cop at a voter office," remarks Nelson, "I can't remember whether I met him first at Jarama or Pirobarrat." But they are further divided by a growing political rift.

"A guy comes in here the other day, off the way from California, haven't seen him since Spain," Pakenia recalls. "Hello, how are you?" Tim: "What are you doing now?" Here a TV appearance. Do you want us to send you any mail? He'd prefer not. I asked to send it in a plain envelope but he took no, the code letter in their defense, you know how late are, they might be something lying around the house. "Some people know,"



he says, but we don't make a big thing of it that I fought in Spain." If the present RACB ruling stands, there won't even be any more plain envelopes, because the Internal Security Act of 1950 requires that all mail from any prohibited group be stamped on the outside wrapper. "Unsanctioned by [name of organization], a Communist-front organization." Pakenia, "then we go out at Barcelona."

Brown is already now married. Pakenia, who, until 1934, was employed full time by the VALB, now keeps office hours Wednesday evenings from six to eight, free. The veto here allows no Red Star, but a month for rent and telephone, an obligation not by Pakenia's asking the members every so often, "Have about some dough for the night?" They use a couple of dimes, a flat calendar, a clock, and a book. Otherwise, the only important thing to some to be a legal number that exists in the membership.

Only: "We don't have a membership I used to send out membership cards all during the Forties, but the response was so sporadic that it wasn't worth it." The ledger is "as much of a list as we have of all the guys who were in it." And it isn't any big secret, the VALB hopes, in fact, to publish the list some day. Unfortunately, with only one case, Steve Pakenia again, serves as an anti-Franco Veterans Administration, and with some of the war dead remembered by their first names only, it's a hard list to compile. Frequently this can't get a really straight answer to require relatives—

It's not in a position to know any dead the way we could find—and new addresses, even recent deaths, often reach him only by the grapevine. He figures he is in touch with about four hundred and fifty of some one thousand surviving vets. "A guy gets mad if he wants, and he does something about it if he wants."

The last time he contacted them, it was for money to send packages to the families of political prisoners in Spain. "Don't make any big point of it. We're not financing a big welfare agency." Only a few packages then, but they represented the role-realizing interest in some ten thousand Spaniards in Franco's prison, some of whom have been there since the civil war started. "They hope to do what they can as part of a world-wide effort to bring about an amnesty. That is, if they can escape the present consequences of the Internal Security Act themselves."

And it is a study in personal energy to watch Pakenia lead through a copy of the Internal Security Act, shaking his head over the steeper passages. Organizational, assuming history as "Communist fronts" which're most members are overruled and maintained, or used, in such a manner as to reveal the facts as to their true structure and purpose and their membership. "How are we going to restore our membership? Any guy who fought in Spain is a vet. About forty per cent of them were Communists. Now—who knows? I know some too, some aren't. Some guys, I don't know, but I'll tell you this, I'd put my tongue out before I'd tell them." One recall of the



REVISITED



Fishman keeps on, running his *Extra* of Moving Picture

method of operation is that each affiliated organization is able to address financial and other support from persons who would not extend such support if they knew the true purpose of . . . "We're talking about personal Tinseltown, thirty dollars maybe. The highest I ever collected was two hundred dollars, and when I got two hundred dollars, I'd like to see anybody, including the Communist Party, get it away from me."

He is a cocky guy, who went to Spain right out of the laundry workers' union and the discussion groups that used to be held at the Black Street "E." Age twenty-one. He fought on for six weeks. "I never made those last two hundred bucks." He was shot in the left leg, and the damaged knee grew him a sort of dog-iron limp. He tried to get into World War II, but the best he was able to do was to ship out with the Merchant Marines in 1945 as a radio operator, after taking a course in it at the "Y" again. He now works "shifts in the printing trade," and devotes to the vote the time others might spend on looking at the Communist Chart.

"I'm the representative," he says. "There's no other thing. If there's something to decide, I talk it over with the guys, and then decide what I'm going to do. Collected, but that's the way it is."

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is all that's left of life for the Americans who fought in Spain. It was a long time ago, and veterans' pensions have other things to do now and again. It would be like judging all Americans who

fought in World War II on the basis of the American Legion. What touches more is war itself, not its later representations, and what distinguished the war experience in Spain was individual commitment. It was so much more each man's own doing—a matter of personal conviction, pushed to the point of going into the Leylines trenches with a Remington rifle (often the American Springfield that were first imported by the CIO), having sometimes never fired a shot at all—that it was bound to leave a more profound effect on combatants than the organized, G.I. members of the later conflict. Blood and commitment ran too deep for easy memories. Certainly the V.A.B. reflects this intense feeling—even boasts it to an extent—but it reacts equally as strongly in veterans of Spain who haven't been into the V.A.B. in years.

Alfred Bessie, for instance, got the first hint of this when he found Aaron Lapoff, who died on Hill 684 in the Sierra Pardale de Colares, used to him. "You really started something when you came over here, huh?" "I thought he meant I wouldn't get out alive," Bessie recalls—a thought they all had at one time or another—"but now I realize he meant something much different. He's subjective to hell. You see, I had something of a reputation as a writer when I left. But that vanished. And ever since, everything that's happened to me personally has happened in one way or another because of Spain." In small part, Spain got him to Hollywood to write films during the war when anti-Semitism was the

best stay (and) and to large part, Spain got him before the House Un-American Activities Committee five years later as one of the Unfriendly Hollywood Ten, and thence to jail for contempt of Congress, in some part, Spain got him a job after just receiving the writer trust for Harry Bridges' union newspaper, and, in a big part, Spain has him knocked down now to working as the electrician and stage boss at San Francisco's hungry 7, where, in part, Spain gets him an invitation from Arthur Miller to sit down at the table, that a while, and in part, a tip of the hat from Mark Taper. You really started something, huh?

Away the end—or what little of it is now in sight—has been, for most American veterans, just such a madder falling off. From the European battleships, a later military spirit out like an amplifier web over the entire map of Europe. The partisans who shot Maslowski were once members of the Garibaldi Battalion. The present chief of the Red Beria school police is a former lieutenant colonel in the Ernest Thompson Battalion. Garibaldi was in Spain as "Alfredo" and "Roché," directing tactics for the Spanish Communist Party, and the man who ran the "secret railroad" in Paris for Red Espionage to fight in Spain turns up eventually in his native Yugoslavia as Tito. But history seems to quit the Lincoln Battalion right at the Spanish border.

Premier Juan Negrín ordered the withdrawal of all IFA, including the Lincoln, as the vain hope that it might also face Germany and Italy to ease



"THE BRITISH ARE COMING . . . er, oh . . . to my . . . um . . . house . . . for . . . er . . . Sunday dinner . . . Be there . . ."

intervention, but Hitler's Condor Legion and Mussolini's 200,000 Italic Armies ripped apart, substantially taking France's victory and ending the premier phase of the great battle for the heartland of Europe. Two years later, everybody was in it, including six hundred vets, and it was then that the reproductive revolution over their loyalty became really begun.

The story is that the last place they were allowed to go was the war area in which they'd had the most experience: the front lines. Where outfits would be shipped overseas, minus two or three men, who'd scratch their heads in puzzle, get acquainted, and find out, sure enough, they'd all been in Spain together and didn't know it. Eventually some of them did make it to the real war, the one they'd best start. John Garfield, who served in France, D-Day, Robert Thompson with the 51st (Mixed) Service Group in the Pacific, which later cut two years off a five-year sentence for a conviction under the Smith Act. The vets' most famous World War II hero, however, was Sergeant Hermann Goetz, an early refugee from the Nazis, who was the D & C and a captain in the field for his work at "Belcher's corner," a salient that he and a couple of his buddies saved the Japanese during the Pacific campaign in Australia. Jungle warfare with Captain Goetz was "just his cops and robbers," and one of his men, who always felt strongly safe with him. He was finally killed by a mortar shell at Leyte.

After the war—nobody of the struggle, but somehow somewhere far the west, who saw Franco's Spanish Revolution. From there, however, to see their lives in either of two completely opposite corners. Either a militantly political one, in which case they became intensely involved in the fate of the Party during the late Forties and early Fifties, or a private one, in which case they concerned themselves at least distantly away from the issues of Spain almost entirely. Of the Party stalwarts, Thompson and Gates, among the so-called "top leadership," the Party bosses. Eisen went to jail, and in 1964, Gates, out of jail, went out of the Party, a little before, mostly long after other. Eisenhower vets had quietly left "the Movement," helping to reduce it over the past five years to a long exhausted and barely a part of American political life. Some of the vets are still openly Communists, but their activities have been to have seen how Communism than those of the vets who have deftly disappeared into the political woodwork, unaligned, private, and a little resolute—yet sometimes fed—in their debts to Spain.

For the past eleven years, for instance, one vet has been quietly running his own

travel agency in New York City. He "knew somebody in the business," started up from scratch, and now has enough of a good business to allow him to take a couple of trips back to Spain, courtesy of the airlines. "I want," he says in happy surprise, "like a tourist." Back in 1951, he was like a guerrilla, though the 1951's were packed up before he was actually committed behind enemy lines. He'd already seen battle at Teruel, Brunet, Belchitz. Jacma was the worst, maybe because he had to ask somebody else to load his rifle for him, not knowing how himself, but "I was much of the time. After all, we weren't the long side."

Another vet who's also been back to Spain recently is a tourist describes himself "more or less a half-angel photographer." In 1936, his first idea was to go over as a photographer, but "they already had Klean and Capa." So he fought instead, from Quinto right on through the war, as an infantryman, company clerk, and then ambulance driver after he was wounded at Belchitz. He had his camera along, but the bellows of its old leather lens cracked, and most of the pictures ended up as smoke, as if taken during shell bursts. In 1956, however, he went back to Spain with his wife, a German doctor, and a much better camera. To visit the old friends. "If you go anywhere near the war front—if you know where to go—you'll find it just like it was. Reminded me." The church at Belchitz ("It was always the church you got a friend") whose machine-gun fire caught him in the leg. "It's a ruin. In fact, that town was set up that they just built another Belchitz behind it." Thompson, whose the Spanish tragedy. "I remembered the bread was delicious, and I wanted to see if I'd just been hungry back then, so if it was really good bread it's really good bread." The bridge near Mars de Siles. "Of course, the First The Church's wood structure is a complete ruin, God knows how many times I went across. You know, on one side I peered up a ladder jacket—absolutely—I still have." "The gut it," marvels Eisen, putting his air. "The gut it." "Okey. He's got it there." The vets at Belchitz, when he was hospitalized, saw a hotel, when he and his wife stayed overnight. "The only difference was the beds a much smaller, and the pool had mosquito larvae in it." ("No mosquitoes under the Republic," adds his wife.)

"That was the greatest experience I've had," he says of Spain. "And it wasn't the Depression. I left it was my duty. To go up." If Belchitz could've been stopped then, there wouldn't have been a Second World War. It wasn't the Depression. I was doing fine. Thirty bucks a week as a bookend up in Harlem. A lot of money then. I had a Model-A Ford. (Hey—

who'd I ask?) Then, when the bullets are firing, you say, Why did I come? But later, no." He hasn't taken much part over in official vet affairs. "But if there is a group of guys who were in Spain getting together, I'd join 'em. One guy I know, you couldn't drag him to a meeting now, but he says himself 'I see his wounded moment.'"

Then again, not very many vets were buying Model-A Fords back in 1936, or even dear Chevrolet's name. Maybe twenty per cent of the in business were still at it, or such, but most of them were involved in the few shavings of trade unionism—furniture workers, craftsmen workers, laundry workers, leather workers, merchant seamen, and longshoremen—and they often chose to go to Spain for little more except reasons than they'd heard "the names are in trouble in Spain." When the wars were over, they went right back as the labor market, may eventually working their way up in decent positions within these unions, where spending only a few days, or even, from job to job.

Johnny Trudell, who lost a finger during a wounded International of 1931, "the Pumper" of Gardens, has been just about everything since. A dead man can be in life: a soldier, a study doctor, a role man and why man in the carnival, a duckmaker, a metal worker, a grocery salesman, a bus, and in Spain a wife, or a cop. The men had "any respect for any lines or the existing class." In fact, he says he has "a rather contemptuous attitude toward 'em." In the late Thirties, he landed across the country to New York, headed for Europe, but ended up in Chile instead. Then Marx and Bandier. And then Spain.

Spain became, godfathers, he found that "the content of my dreams happened to become my friends," and the manner of his dreams and the real seeing was Francisco Franco. "He was put into power by a whole force, and can only stay in power through the help of outside forces. And if the he was an." John's eyes and humbly twinkle his enormous change "My only regret is that we didn't win."

Right now, he had "no political conviction." I'm a rebel at heart. Most likely, if I were in the Soviet Union, I'd be considered an enemy of the state. I have a perfect right to dissent, and dissent I do."

But for the last ten years, he's been discussing from a pretty much fixed position before a pile of newspapers on Sixth Avenue. He's one of several vets who run restaurants in the City, this one down in the Village. Long hours, six am to seven pm with two bar shifts every day. (I finished on page 227)



"We must interest Young Herriods in our plan."



"Now, try not to upset the whole world!"

The New Art of Success—A 12 Page Guide

An Instructive Case History

Automation expert John Dabold symbolizes the application of the new art of success by CLAY FELKER

It was a few months ago, a glittering group of international business executives sat in the augustness of the Chamber of Commerce and listened respectfully as a tall, fair-haired young man told them what they should do to become more successful. His reptilian features, pecked with the weary marks of the modern major world, paid close attention to his words on the possibilities and pitfalls of automation, since the young man was recognized not only as a high priest of the field, but also as a successful businessman in his own right.

However, the subject of the speech, "Four Problems For Success," seemed to cause some ripples of discomfort. Afterward, one of the men approached the young man and sternly warned him that his ideas were "... of course too far advanced. Business just doesn't understand them at this time."

The young man in the story, John Dabold, is both polite and polite, and he said nothing. He is used to being told he is ahead of his time. In fact, he has built his impressive career simply on being ahead, a career which is a case history in the new art of success. Having some years ago with nothing, he is today, at the age of thirty-five, the multi-millionaire head of a unique, rapidly expanding company set up specifically to teach business and government how to make profitable use of the astounding technological advances made since World War II—advances equivalent to nothing short of a Second Industrial Revolution.

World War II brought about both a technological and a social revolution, the effects of which are still reverberating. The technological revolution, stimulated by the military research needed to fight the war, gave rise over enormous speed and more and more money and effort is poured into research. The social revolution is causing gigantic political movements as new nations are created with their people demanding a higher standard of living. These changes erupt across the front pages of a smothering press. "In fact," says Dabold, "it is the rate of change itself which is the most significant phenomenon of all."

This acceleration in the rate of change differentiates our times from all other ages. Commenting on it, the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead said: "... the rate of progress is such

that an individual... will be called upon to face social situations which find no parallel in the past. The third person, for the first time, who is older societies, was such a problem, in the future will be a public figure."

This comment on the rate of change is raising problems as yet largely unrecognized and unexplored, and these problems are fundamentally managerial in nature. To learn the new art of success, it is necessary not only to understand the new technological advances and how to apply them, but also to understand how these innovations affect the world. The successful application of the new art of success finally rests on accepting—even welcoming—constant change as an inescapable aspect.

This situation is just beginning to be understood, and among the men who see it most clearly is Dabold.

At the present moment in his career, which seems only to be a way-station to even greater success, it is easy to recognize him as a man whose career has the deadly serenity of a guided missile, but only seven years ago it was the almost unanimous judgment of those who knew him that his career had little more substance than a child's dream of a castle in the clouds. Today he owns a New York version of a castle in the clouds, a vast apartment building on the East River, rapidly expanding the painted walls and beamed ceilings, taken from an Elizabethan mansion, enclose rooms filled with fine paintings, rare books, and costly antiques—all evidence of his position for selling.

He also collects companies. His business acquisitions now include so many companies that they are assembled under the corporate title of The Dabold Group, with branches and plants in thirteen cities on three continents. In the United States his profitable enterprises a few months ago expanded into a stock-exchange office on Park Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth. Dabold himself is seldom in it, for he seems to spend most of his time on jobs, moving around the world attending to things.

His business, which is defined as providing "management services" (the definition is from a book he once wrote, *Management Services*), grew out of Dabold's specialty, automation, a word he himself coined in writing a report at the Harvard Business School because he found it easier than the old automation.



Exporting international activities offer a new horizon for executives. A recent seven-day, five-city trip by Dubold is typical. Above in sequence (opposite) he talks to students at international business school at Fordham; below, some key figures before going to London.



At first glance, Dubold seems to be far from the popular image of a dynamic, take-charge, dash-and-go entrepreneur who can't sit still and fast-forward away all obstacles before him. In appearance he is a tall, well-built man, whose dress reflects the inherent conservatism of the North East United States, and who sits calmly in the softest of leather chairs. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the R.C.A.'s General Electric, and of R.E.M.'s Tele-Visions, and of G.E.'s Ralph Corporation, but most impressive leaders and their organizations (and high government officials, such as Labor Secretary Arthur J. Goldberg, who appointed Dubold to the Automation and Manpower Advisory Commission) have sought him out and listened with bated breath to his words. Dubold has written the power of an idea—an idea which captures the shape of the future and is a method for exploiting its vast opportunities.

Dubold built a liquid-fueled rocket in his basement, when he was eleven, but abandoned rocketry during World War II, to attack his own strangest vision of the future. As a cadet at the Riverdale Harvard Marine Academy, he was on sea duty, drilling with the Navy's submarine gun crews, when he became fascinated with the radio-controlled submarine tracking and firing mechanism used on the guns. This was his introduction to the technological breakthrough in automation and, after he graduated from the academy with a degree in engineering and later from Fordham with an honor's degree in commerce, he headed for Harvard Business School where he set up a research project to evaluate the possibilities of using such devices commercially. His report, called "Making the Automatic Factory a Reality," provided the basis for a six-volume book called *Automation*—one of the first defenses of the field by a generalist.

The automatic mechanisms on the submarine guns were not just an isolated flash of inventor's genius which came a single moment, but stemmed from a revolutionary theory, making possible the methodical design and construction of a

whole range of automatic machines. The pioneers in this work were such men as MIT's famed mathematician Norbert Wiener who developed the field of cybernetics as he theorized about communications and control in man and animals, and Claude E. Shannon, then with the Bell Laboratories and now at MIT, who conceived of the basic indispensable unit of transmission of information as the bit and of the analysis of the transmission of these units of information in the process of noise. These men, though solving the problems involved in gathering information from nature and then using it to track high-speed airplanes, formulated a fundamental theory of communication and control which, along with semi-modular design which automatically corrects a machine's errors, also developed during World War II, provided the theoretical foundation for variable automatic control systems. Such automatic control systems are now, of course, used for a wide variety of functions.

Dubold was one of the first to see these limitations as representing a breakthrough into a new industrial era, and not as a few technical tricks. In his book, which became the definitive world-wide handbook for automation (it was printed in most of the major languages from German to Japanese), Dubold predicted many working uses for automatic information and processing machines which have since come true, and indicated some of the serious problems involved in putting the technology to work—for instance, the concept of "industrialization," i.e., not just giving the system or the product to make full use of the machine's capabilities. Acting on an unshakable belief in his own prediction of the revolutionary effect of automation, he set out to establish his own consulting firm.

With this plan clearly in mind he first sought a job with one of the oldest and most prestigious consulting firms, Griffiths, Burgess & Associates, a company specializing in programming city and state governments, at that time engaged in a mammoth reorganization of New York City.

He got the job—and with it the delicious distraction of getting the lowest salary (\$300 a month) in that year's class of six budding graduates of Harvard Business School. Two months later, Griffiths, Burgess, no longer Dubold's employer, made him his personal assistant and transferred him to his head-



There he has breakfast with The Times' press agent at St. James's Palace on way to board meeting of his British firm which has automation system Lash Right. Chairman of British Automatics, Ltd. On way to Sweden, he tells two engineers during stops.

quarters in Chicago, to help run the firm. On Thanksgiving Day, 1951, Dubold got married and he and his wife, Doris, a graduate mathematician, confidently moved into a basement apartment merely looking toward moving up in the world. After part a year, Dubold decided it was time to strike out alone, and moved out of the Chicago basement, back to his family home in Westchester, New Jersey, up into the attic. He set up his office in the bedroom in which he was born, and chartered a company called John Dubold & Associates, Inc. Actually, the "Associates" part of the title was more of a hope than a reality, since there were none except his wife, who by then had gained some practical experience in the consulting field by having worked for Griffiths, Burgess. (Today his firm employs a husband and four people, his wife is the active treasurer of the company.) Unfortunately for Dubold, who had previously no working capital, his family in fact, in many ways, of the big and powerful Dubold Auto Company. His father is a general lawyer, and his only brother a brilliant and scholarly chemist who is Director of Research at the powerful Council on Foreign Relations and who writes definitive works on Western trade policy.

Dubold went for a year and a half before getting a client. About three days after that, Dubold says, "People would listen to what I had to say and if they didn't say it outright, I knew exactly what they were thinking: 'What does this guy know about business?' And they were right. I had a degree from Harvard Business School, but I didn't really know how to run a business. All I knew was that I wanted to build my own firm in the consulting field."

Only computers also daily one of his own vision of the future would have contained. At the time there were less than a hundred computers installed in the United States and most were on order. (At present there are five thousand installed, more than on order, and by 1965 there will be an estimated twenty thousand installed.) However, the growing attention focused on Dubold by his book (which appeared in 1951) eventually turned the tide and more and more frequently he was called on for speeches and articles. A publishing company asked him to be the editor of a monthly journal on automation, and shortly after that he got his first client,

Stramberg-Carlson, who wanted guidance in making products in the field of automation. The same month Dubold's marriage came out, he had to deliver his first consulting assignment, as more consulting jobs came his way, he decided to put his own machine into the field and moved into his consulting office in 1953, the American Management Association retained him to give a two-week course on automation for executives, and after that the investment bank of Carl M. Loeb, Roesch & Co. retained him to investigate and evaluate companies going into automation. Soon he had assembled a client list of thirty American companies seeking his advice. That he was both advising companies on use of automated equipment and advising the manufacturers of the equipment on what kinds of machines they should design to fit the user's needs, as well as the services they should offer. A powerful position to be in. Today, virtually every major manufacturer of automated equipment in the world pays Dubold for his advice. Since such company has its own individual problems and direction, and since the field is expanding so rapidly—from the outside of heavy industry to leading industries, from new areas of cutting machines to the application of new scientific breakthroughs—their commitment to the industry as a whole.

Dubold's company grew in stride with the new industry, and he began absorbing other consulting companies and working through offices of his own—adding new specialists. In 1957, he bought the fifty-year-old firm of Griffiths, Burgess, which had been employed him and in 1959 he merged it with another firm in the public-utilities area, Louis F. Krueger & Associates Inc., which merges in such diverse interests as reorganizing the government of Venezuela, the tax structure of Ireland, the city government of Las Vegas, and the administrative structure of the Dan port in Mississippi, a government representative charged with the development of Southern Italy.

In Europe in 1958, he gave a two-year course in automation which resulted in joint companies specializing in automation with century-level management consulting firms in England and Holland, and later the establishment of a European company which has fully staffed operating subsidiaries in Paris, Frankfurt, Rome and Milan. In 1960, he began a Latin-



Díazdel at the stark works on speech on November 1981, checks newspaper at breakfast in Grand Hotel, relaxes during pool game after conference with Edgar Díazdel, head of Masener-Guon industrial empire, then in to Copenhagen to head jet for Reykjavik.

American company with the appropriate Spanish title of *Díazdel de Lázaro Álvarez*, with headquarters in Caracas, Venezuela. That year also he acquired a prominent consulting firm which specialized in marketing practices, *Altman Associates, Inc.*, with headquarters in Philadelphia. Previously he had set up the *Masener-Guon Training Institute*, a training organization that gives courses to government and business executives in salesmanship, marketing, and public administration. The most recent was given to the cabinet officers and the top officials of New York State, under the enthusiastic sponsorship of Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Díazdel is well along in plans for further expansion. In a conversation recently in London with a British computer manufacturer, Díazdel admitted that Wilkes Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-five. Alexander had occupied the world of thirty-three, and he was worried about having accomplished so little at thirty-five. Then, musing to himself that Commodore Vanderbilt still had his fortune to make at thirty-six, he brightened up and began talking of the future. "I am going to start a new ministry in the constant research in information technology—proprietary research particularly. I'm interested in the development of field computers which work either with binary or ar, and analog languages. Trying to understand the language of the both-world system is similar to the problem to be found in understanding communications from outer space. Also, I'm getting into the knowledge-machine business, and want to expand my *Masener-Guon Science Training Institute* to train new executives in the field of information technology. You know, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company estimates that by 1978 its revenue from business machines communicating with one another from city to city will exceed six percent from your communications less city to city."

"Today, Díazdel feels that perhaps the term information is not precise enough, and he speaks of his field as "information technology" to keep it from being confused with machine technology. Information is the work of society. It is at the heart of all human activity, and the theories of communication and control which are just now beginning to be widely developed and understood are creating momentum and historic

change. The combination of new technology and new management techniques, whether in private business or in government, will determine the course of the future. Whether the country in the United States or France, in Europe or Latin America, the problems are the same. I feel I am at the center of one of the most fascinating times in the history of the world and I want to play a part in these events. As to personal needs I feel that it is the natural accomplishment of success and I have never concentrated on just making money. I'm an entrepreneur as well as a business consultant and I have built my business on the same principles that I recommend to others. As an entrepreneur I am constantly looking for new things to do, new experiments to build, and better ways to do the things that have been done in the past."

As an entrepreneur, Díazdel makes it a point to surround himself with outstanding men, he has listened to his superior, the first commander of the United States, (Hugh Robert) the former Assistant Director of the United States Robert B. Brown, William F. Brown, one of the greatest pioneers and managers in the computer field, (Charles) Dean and Howard Hughes; the former head of a large trucking company in the United States, Peter Stevens, the former Dean of Public Administration of the University of Puerto Rico, Adolfo F. Gomez, and a former high CIA official, Leon K. Koppelman. Talking about the future of his field in one of Díazdel's former positions, and it is at these moments that his vision and faith are most convincing. He recently sketched this outline of the future for us to follow:

"Applying information technology to new fields fills me with excitement. This technology can cover the whole range of human action. Most of the applications of this technology over the next decade is going to be outside the factory. We are already working on ways of applying electronics in medical research. Today statistics are collected in a different way in each hospital. When a doctor wants to do research on a particular disease or the effects of a particular drug, he has to hunt from scratch. One of the major uses of technology will be to build natural electronic files, which would be individuals, so that the diagnosis of the patient, the treatment, the treatment results, all the symptoms, reactions to the dis-



In Frankfurt for conferences with his German company, Díazdel looks over his Wall Street shares before plans to return to Bogotá to inspect software assignment in Bogotá and Lima; then on to Rome for meetings with top industrialists and an appointment at Vatican.

ease and to the change will be recorded and stored in an accessible way. We will get a far higher level of accuracy in diagnosis, and we will know a lot more about treatment."

"Another major area for technology is in translating equipment. In this decade we will have equipment that can optically scan a printed page of Russian text. Put a Russian article in the machine and the machine will translate it, abstract the translation, and store abstract and translation. Thousands of people will be involved in building and using this equipment."

"Even our luck goes far ahead. The essence of the technology is information handling and problems related to information handling. Millions of dollars a year are wasted for different groups using the same research. We have a solution out of the air because we don't handle information on their location properly. We have collisions on the roads because of inability to react fast enough to information. We'll have automatic control devices in automobiles which will pick up signals from the road itself and other signals to react to drive traffic. Get into the car and simply say you want to go to Polo Beach. The car will do the rest. Treated models of these devices are already running. In all these areas where technology can be applied, there will be major industries that don't now exist."

"For example, at present a few electro-optical plants are being built with computer controls, and this is an area that is new. But by the end of the decade this will be the common way to build a plant. This is also happening in steel and petroleum plants. About sixty to eighty computers are in order for this kind of operation right now. Ninety thousand machine tools in the industry are now tape-controlled. By 1985 half of all machine tools built will be tape-controlled."

"Automation of business operations for purposes of education and training will be an important role of automation technology in business schools. It will give students an opportunity to run through many years of operating experience, making decisions without the danger of damaging a plant. It will place a greater premium on thinking in business. Men will spend less time shuffling paper. This information you need will be available, and there will be more emphasis on using it correctly." ■



Díazdel passes Pizarro at Trent on way to Rome office; later, after successful conference, he slides down escalator in government ministry; talks to head of RCA Italy at another office; finishes up report of report. And, as always, he's interested in city's paper.

How to Keep from Getting Obscure

For the executive who wants to go forward, upward and upward, the best direction is back to school
by JAMES B. SIMPSON

U S EDUCATION on every campus, from the community college to the Harvard Yard, are jealously and efficiently accommodating the expanding executive appetite for advancement, as thousands of executives scurry casually in masterful courses, classes, conferences, seminars, and seminars.

The University of California calls it "lifelong learning" while the University of Kansas City prefers the term "doctors of knowledge" and the University of Georgia realizes a "Center for Continuing Education." Whatever the name, the same movement is thoughtfully nurtured up as The New Art of Success, keep informed, keep learning, read, discuss, study, and prove your own skill and areas which give you a lifelong knowledge and appreciation of the role you have now and the new you still strive in the economy and society of the future.

At the Aspen Institute for Executive Studies, high in the Rockies, businessmen withdraw from the weekday world to talk with each other about everything from Aristotle and Ancient Greece to the President's Commission on National Goals: the whole spectrum of recorded history.

The benefits of such philosophical ponderings are available also to the businessman who does not have the time, cash, or status to visit the Aspen slopes. The Great Books course, currently developed at the University of Chicago, functions as many more. Moreover, there are such projects as the adult liberal education program at the University of Akron, Ohio, "Understanding Man and His Society," which is presented for executives in fifteen three-day Saturday sessions. In various fields, particularly science and engineering, men who have spent a few years as administrators find professionally obsolete when confronted with progress from the classroom and lab. The well-planned need to keep their administration as current as being met with executive seminars (such as U.C.L.A.'s One Week Conference which accommodates forty-four engineering executives for a six-week study course conducted at a fee of \$2,000, in a comfortable air near Santa Barbara).

Research has shown how-to courses, as well as interdisciplinary studies, are available in many state campuses.

Week-end conferences are increasingly popular, along with evening courses, for the study of such subjects as real estate and the latest laws of insurance underwriting.

The development of new African studies has increased interest in administrative, business, political, and social studies. "The return to the top," as the back-to-school trend is known, is usually financed by the employer. The man who pays personally has the comfort that his expenditures will usually be tax deductible.

A return to the classroom is both a learning and revitalizing experience, marked by the acquisition of fresh contacts and knowledge. Eugene's survey of professional organizations and more than a hundred and fifty colleges and universities revealed the widening horizons of executive education, as indicated in this sampling:

Business Administration

Oakland City University, National Governor Finance Conference, open to public opinion-forming groups, April 15, 16, 17.

University of Chicago, Graduate School of Business, York Annual Business Research Conference, May 3-4, "Old Problems on the New Frontier" (optional), \$75.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, offers more than 1,000 courses, conferences and institutes available annually, exclusive of regular campus courses. Spring schedule includes seminars on "Advanced Techniques of Productivity and Quality Control," April 10-12, \$50, workshop on "Labor Relations for the Non-Union Company," May 1-3, \$50.

Roosevelt University, Chicago, Plans Memorial Lecture, May 15, 1968.

work of May 24, "The Role, Impact, Responsibility and Structure of the Big Business Corporation," by Peter Drucker of New York University, open free to business executives.

Stanford University, California, Fourth Annual International Program in Small Industry Management, Course in Small Industry Development, October 1-10, September 11-September 14, tuition and housing, \$2,450.

University of Buffalo, New York, Eighth Annual Problem Solving Institute, June 25-27, tuition, \$60, housing, \$100 a night.

University of Hawaii, Honolulu, North Annual Advanced Management Program conducted by faculty from Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, six-week seminar open July 5, accommodation study courses recommended by their countries in Hawaii, U. S. mainland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Philippines, and Japan: tuition and housing, \$1,250.

Columbia State University, Port Collins, Fourth Annual Institute in Technical and Industrial General Studies, for writers, scientists, engineers, and administrators in industry and government, July 1-13, housing and tuition, \$180.

American Studies Association, 19 East 68th Street, New York 16, has provided a sponsorship of special professional courses and institutes, including a three-year seminar course of two weeks each summer: Stetson Graduate School of Banking, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

National Association of Industrial Administrators, 1 East 41st Street, New York 17, annually sponsors "Management of Human Resources" on Industrial Relations Institute, and a Congress of American Industry. It also sells "packages" courses for seminars and training programs held at the local level by companies and educational groups.

The American Management Association, World Center, New York 36, has developed a variety of courses for many areas of business. Most are held at the Aerie, and at the Aerie Academy at Jamaica Lake, New York. Average charge is \$250 for week's course, sometimes \$400, sometimes are charged an additional \$50 to \$100.

Executive Development

Cornell Institute of Technology, Ithaca, New York, Second Annual Program for Executives, March 12-14, conducted by Graduate School of Industrial Administration with such courses as "Success in the Changing Executive's Role" and "Qualitative Tools of Managerial Decision," students 35-45 years of age are contacted by senior officers of their companies, tuition, \$1,200, housing, \$1,200.

Rice Park, Colorado, Management Development Seminar, three-week course meeting sponsored by University of Chicago, limited to fifty executives; the next seminar each year enrolls two groups for nine-month course of weekly inter-session classes in downtown Chicago.

University of Illinois, Urbana, Executive Development Program, June 24-July 15, tuition, \$1,000. Another group, "Development of Supervisors as Members of Management," is a two-week course offered several times a year, including June 13-20, September 10-12, and January 20-February 1, 1968; tuition, \$180, living costs, \$150 to \$160.

University of Florida, Gainesville, Third Annual Management Development Conference, June 27-28, conducted by faculty members from Florida, Pittsburgh, and Harvard; tuition and housing, \$275.

University of Indiana, Bloomington, Tenth Annual Executive Development Program, June 6-12, tuition and living costs, \$700.

University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia Center for Continuing Education, Executive Development Program, August 19-September 14, tuition and housing, \$1,000.

Ohio State University, Columbus, Seventh Annual Execu-

tive Development Program, August 26-September 5, tuition and housing, \$1,000.

Reading Dynamics Institute, 15 W. 44th St., New York City, increases speed and comprehension in twelve-week course. Two and a half hours daily in evening. Locations at evening classes: Boston, 1180 Chauncey in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Huntington (West Virginia), Minneapolis, New York City, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

Foreign Trade and International Affairs

Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana, Thirtieth Annual Institute on Foreign Transportation and Port Operation, March 18-25 (on the handling of exports and imports), for executives and vice-presidents, \$80.

American University, Washington, D. C., four-week course for corporate executives with foreign business responsibilities. Special program for wives, during third week, and optional two weeks of language. Courses beginning April 5, June 13, September 24, and November 12, tuition, \$150; wives' program also, if husband is not enrolled, \$175, language course, \$250.

University of Illinois, Urbana, Sixth Annual Institute on International Trade, April 16-May 4.

Culgate University, Hamilton, New York, Thirtieth Annual Foreign Policy Conference, six-day conference scheduled for early July, 1968, features discussion by foreign ambassadors and other diplomats; tuition and housing, \$40. American Institute for Foreign Trade, Phoenix, Arizona, has developed a six-week "Key Man Course" for management supervisors, managers and executives; it is held periodically during each academic year to groups of eight, emphasis on knowledge in Spanish, Portuguese, or French, individuals participate to life and business abroad, tuition and housing, \$1,400; wives enrolled for an additional \$300. Institute also has an Overseas Management Seminar, given once during the year, to give executives in the general problems of life abroad, tuition and housing, \$650, wives, \$200.

The Liberal Arts for Executives

Aspen, Colorado, Institute for Executive Studies in providing for the liberal arts at Aspen Executive Program. Management Development for Executives, 1968, is the general theme courses to be "The Responsibility of Leadership." Program featuring internationally known speakers is supplemented by supplementary reading and recreational activities. Two-week seminar begins June 24, July 8, August 22, 19, seminars in January, February, March and housing, \$500; wives, \$300 for housing, lecture program.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, Seventh Annual Conference in Liberal Arts for Executives; three courses—"Science and Religion Values," "The Individual and the State," and "Modern Man in Literature"—are given during eight-week session taught by Dartmouth faculty; equivalent must be "assured executives four levels above the management employee group," nominated by their companies; tuition and housing, \$1,400.

Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, Sixth Annual program in American Studies for Executives, July 8-August 24.

University of Oklahoma, Bachelor of Liberal Studies, new degree program for adults, designed with traditional accumulation of credit hours, emphasizes independent home study in humanities, natural sciences, natural sciences, applied social, conducted, and placed in program whose background includes he should start. Study may be spread over two to eight years, from \$1,200 to \$1,500, thirteen weeks total time required on campus, accelerated throughout the year. ■



How to Keep More of What You Make

The Research Institute of America tells how to hitch your wagon to the gravy train and show on by JASON MCNAMUS



Any Harvard Business Schooler knows, the highest-paid executive of a publicly held company in the United States in 1980 was Freddie G. Doner of New York City. In a move leaving the Chairman of the nation's largest men'swear company that strived to improve both its sales and profits is what was not a solely renowned year for American business generally, Mr. Doner was a compensated for his services to General Motors with \$754,698 in salary and bonuses. In addition, General Motors made a substantial contribution to a pension fund for Mr. Doner's vacant post, and also paid him a generous helping of stock options.

Now all this might seem sufficient unto the year for any executive, even the Chairman of General Motors. But G.M. went the second mile. It was a curious mile, at least to those unfamiliar with the perils of salary summary. General Motors has promised to pay Mr. Doner more than \$100,000 if he dies and take up his stock options. The reason for this is also known to every Harvard Business Schooler, though with considerably less zeal, because number one, Mr. Doner is not only the Chairman of General Motors, but he is a taxpayer, and under a prime one at that. This far all has taxmatically monstrous relief, there existed the possibility that Mr. Doner might not be able to afford to pick up his stock options. General Motors recognized that. Mr. Doner recognized this, and if what they wanted or what he wanted to do a taxmatically monstrous price on the rough order at \$100,000.

The great plight of Mr. Doner is applicable in somewhat more definite detail to nearly every Bright Young Man rising suddenly on the paid-in-kind shore of the executive salary. If the money in the corporate top runs so peculiarly as the Federal income tax rate, it is safe to say that few would make it. Fortunately it does not, so the question turns on how to make it all worthwhile, given the system.

The system, publicly known as the tax structure, is all too perfectly well known to start in detail, either it is paid in kind by the time a married B.T.M. attains the \$50,000 level, his post-mortem income tax rate has risen to thirty-three per cent. Shortly thereafter, at \$100,000, it is thirty-eight per cent. After \$100,000 he is to do all such as to pay primarily a permanent, regular, serving five members with the professional, technical, managerial and scientific the Federal rate.

However, there are likely to get more before they get better. To do now, the correct way for a company to give an executive the most useful tax is a matter in which his own mind would not seem to be a liberal expense account. Of such accounts were made yachts and fishing trips, polo drives in lawn and golf clubs on the country, Christmas gifts and Broadway tickets—to mention only a few items of which the Internal Revenue Service might have begun to scrutinize with fruitless standard eye. Even such items as pension account with business travel and expense account (the deductible one) T. R. E. & B. the latter being board room for Spence and Darter) are under fire. In the first tax message of his Administration, President Kennedy asked Congress to limit meals and lodging on business travels to \$50 a day, and to limit food and beverage on business parties to between \$4 and \$7 a day per guest. Now even congressmen know this is not enough to make the pleasure of doing business worthwhile—and might even in some personal-filing industries such as advertising make doing business itself difficult. Consequently Kennedy's expense-account recommendations were stuffed aside in the first session of Congress in so much a particular dinner. There was considerable surprise in Washington that Mr. Kennedy had sent them up in real business anyway. But if a real business goes up, some kind of concrete measure is usually not far behind.

Most but not even, then, it's a waste executive who knows how to make his lost compensation in best of ways under the tax laws, to neglect his job just desert from his company as a man-

ner enabling him to take the most of what he makes. From the company point of view, it makes sense in the long run to what the executive wants. For one thing, the executive, young or old, usually operates in a salary market created by the then Depression crop of babies now strapping into pension management levels. The market is not likely to change what a middle and senior management, and substantial's bargaining requirements for technical expertise in the executive area. Witness the ads in the Sunday New York Times business pages, the proliferating and prospering executive-finder firms, the rising business of corporate raiding.

The company has an additional reason for wanting the executive to know as how he wants his job out. Once a company has determined the total amount of compensation it can afford to pay a man, it is possible almost always under the effort to make an even larger total available to the executive by the judicious choice of fringe benefits.

There are two sides to this paradox. The executive for his part gains fringe benefits that substantially cost him and income because they are tax-exempt to him. By the same token, the net cost to the company is less than the equivalent loss in salary that would be required to enable the executive to purchase the same benefits himself.

The Tax Division of New York's Research Institute of America, Inc., which maintains a close and continuous salary-setting-system which on the System's chairman's manner of rules and regulations, offers a handy example of how fringe benefits in both current and future years. Let us take as an example the Frantz Inc. pays Vice-President Harold Carter a straight salary of \$15,000 a year. The corporation also provides Harold with a range of fringe benefits from free auto insurance to a free annual medical checkup, their total cost is \$1,000 in salary, amounting to \$1,200. Since Frantz Inc. is in the thirty-five per cent corporate tax bracket, its after-tax cost of providing these benefits is \$1,500 (\$1,200 less thirty-five per cent).

Suppose now that instead of providing these benefits, Frantz Inc. gives Vice-President Carter a straight salary increase which would enable him to buy them directly at the same cost. Although he has no need for them, he would be able to pay them when the group needed would not be available to him. Since Harold is in a forty-three per cent individual tax bracket, he must get \$1,500 to meet the cost of \$1,200. The after-tax cost to Frantz Inc. of the raise would be more than \$1,500. Thus by providing the fringe benefits, Frantz Inc. saves Carter the equivalent of a \$1,500 per cent raise, or an after-tax cost of \$175—a saving of more than \$250 over the cost of a straight increase. Every body who can expect the tax collector, and the more Harold makes as the price goes by, the greater everybody wins.

So much for the fundamentals of the calculation of success. The question is, what are the compensating features most and choice in American corporate practice (and mentioned by the Internal Revenue Service), and how do they work up several new ones?

With the exception of the expense account, which has always been with us (even in the tax code), the nineteenth-century railroad pensioner's added private ear, there are four means of less common, major fringe benefits that arose World War II, group life insurance, group medical insurance, pension plans and vested profit-sharing plans (in which participation is incentive bonus). Though each may represent a compensating factor of considerable value, most have only limited suitability for company or executive in carrying up the compensation pay. Reason: the law usually requires that they be administered by the company or an independent insurance company, or a large company of employees on roughly the same basis, portable terms from executive to non-executive. Whether a company has them or not is related to its executive's wishing to be able to move from one company to another without loss of benefits.

There are corporate job offers. But their equivalent worth in salary can be added to the executive's own pension (only when only as delivered, with little room for maneuver or favored treatment). Given these general limits, there are some exceptions and useful sides.

Group life insurance must be term insurance. Otherwise the premiums paid by the company for it would be taxable to the executive. Since the insurance proceeds if the executive changes jobs or retires. On the other hand, the term period some delay in determination of amounts among key men because of the large percentage of a company's employees must be covered.

Group Medical and Dental Plans after even more opportunity for discrimination on behalf of the executive. Not only are a company's insurance premiums for the health care of an executive and of his dependents tax-free to the executive, but it is usually on the plan basis any pay for all covered medical and dental expenses as well—including visits to the family physician, the optician, even the cost of drugs and vitamins. Though not specifically covered by I.R.S. rules, periodic medical check-ups for the executive and his family are generally allowed tax-free. For example the Chicago's Elston Building offers a large group medical plan for executives of the CIO's rubber Grosvenor plant. The whole story is at company expense. Not surprisingly, executive attendance strategies greatly favor such a plan.

Pension Plans begin in the future, really started in post-World War II. Since then, pension plans have been used increasingly. Here the rules are fairly strict: usually no more than the equivalent of twenty-five per cent of annual salary can be paid by a company into the executive's pension plan a year. In many ways the effect of pension plans is much the same as that of profit-sharing plans.

Profit-Sharing Plans also must be selected under very tight rules. The company's contributions can be deducted from only up to fifteen per cent of the total compensation paid during a year to all employees participating in the plan. Where a company has both pension and profit-sharing plans, the total contribution cannot exceed the twenty-five per cent rule. But profit-sharing (and pension) can be a highly useful element in the act of talking what you make, for the large sum of accumulated profits as an executive receives an amount at a table at the new twenty-five per cent corporate rate.

Take our friend Harold Carter, now age thirty and earning \$15,000, which puts him in the thirty per cent bracket. Let's decide to give him \$5,000 more. After taxes Carter will have \$3,500 of it taken at a straight salary. If he converts it annually at four per cent interest (on which additional taxes will have to be paid), he will have about \$45,000 when he returns at retirement. But if Frantz Inc. puts his \$5,000 into a profit-sharing plan, which also costs four per cent, withdrawable without withdrawal from the trust, Carter will receive when he retires some \$25,000. Based on capital gains, he will earn \$12,500—surely twice his take from the same increment, recorded at salary. This, clearly, a compensation recommendation of the merit directly to be weighed.

Pension and profit-sharing plans have another profitable aspect. The Treasury has ruled that as approved company pension or profit-sharing plans are more voluntary contributions, non-covered employees up to ten per cent of their compensation. The result is opportunity for Harold to get down the taxes at his own personal convenience. To see how this works in the least concrete detail, let us assume Carter has \$25,000 left. After being taxed by more than ten per cent, Harold decides to put \$2,500 a year at his own after-tax income into the Frantz Inc. Trust Fund. The F.I.T. by accumulating profits in its equity in the same industry, it is likely to be converted as he goes, the bonds would have earned him \$3,500 after taxes. The Trust funds, on which he would need be paid

and Horatio's wife, who has received, have earned \$9,000. When he retires, he will pay no more than the twenty-five percent capital-gains tax on the bond earnings, or \$6,000 a year. The \$3,750 he would have made on his own book.

The position can have several two major varieties of executive compensation: stock options and deferred compensation plans. Both represent an implicit compensation over the years, with the former an extra salary form of compensation. From the corporation's point of view, they can be administered as rigorously as a pension, or discontinuously as a pay raise, thus adding as important new flexibility and selectivity in paying and retaining key executives. From the executive's point of view, both are devices involving how to pull even more income into the deferring capital-gains basket.

Stock Options came into their own with rising tax rates after the war, and today a hefty majority of all publicly held U.S. companies offer stock options of some kind to key executives. The rationale is that an estimated fifteen percent of the stock in major U.S. companies that are not funded-owned is now held by current executives of executive suites.

Of all the compensation factors available in the executive's income basket, stock options are the most automatic quantity, the simplest, and easiest. Though the details of individual company plans may differ, typically the executive is given the option to buy his company's stock at or slightly below the current market price, the stock being made available from the company's authorized "treasury" shares. In theory he holds his options until the market price has appreciated sufficiently above his option price, then he buys the stock and holds it for at least six months. When he finally sells it hopefully it will have appreciated as market value over time. The killing he makes is taxable at the twenty-five percent capital-gains rate.

The catch, of course, is that options increase steadily rising market values for the company's stock. With periodic issues, for most of the first fifteen years after World War II the stock market declined under the Sign of the Bull. Stock options consequently seldom failed to pay off sooner or later, and options played exceedingly. The executives that has characterized the market, the last part of a hot and occasional stock market, though this, however, explains an extremely pitiful, the proverbial good hard look from many a company and many an astounded executive.

Even when options are profitable on paper, an executive sometimes finds company policy opposed to his taking his profit. By selling his stock on the theory that the stock should be held tightly to his income, say stock sold to him as a kind of economic pledge to the company flag. Faced with this sort of corporate obstacle, except for the long, long run, the value of options as extra compensation is well-nigh nullified. But there are other common situations when options are more advantageous. For a man working for a small, closed corporation, the mere privilege of being allowed to dip into the private cookie jar to buy stock not otherwise available may pay off handsomely.

Deferred Compensation came into its own in the postwar period, involving less than ten years ago. For the high-bracket executive, the plans represent a major breakthrough for his personal planning. Profit-sharing is, of course, a circumscribed form of deferred compensation. But the new rules make it possible for such executives to work out his own deal to suit his taste. The legal implement of this is an executive contract, in which Profit Inc. agrees to pay Vice-President Horatio Casser \$15,000 a year plus a \$50,000 annual bonus which is not to be paid until he retires or resigns.

Deferred compensation can be taken as a lump sum, thus taxed as capital gain. But assuming only moderate income from other sources after retirement, it often proves more profitable to spread it out over a five- or ten-year post-retirement span for taxation as ordinary income. A man making \$25,000

a year who gets an entire \$50,000 a year in deferred earnings the last ten years of his working life will not see more \$25,000 over what he could have if his salary were a straight \$75,000 a year, i.e., he will keep \$75,000 of the total \$500,000 paid him a \$50,000. As brackets slide up, so do the savings: a \$50,000-a-year man with the same \$15,000 extra retirement sees nearly \$60,000 by deferring payment until retirement, spreading it out over ten years. In the event of the executive's death either before (or after) retirement, his heirs of course receive whatever deferred earnings they have built up (or accumulated).

The Treasury's deferred-compensation ground rules are quite strict about how the company lays out the executive's money. It cannot be placed in trust or custody for him without the company losing the right to deduct the payments and the executive running the risk of having to pay tax each year as ordinary income when the money is paid—in thus destroying the whole tax advantage of deferred compensation. The new plan does not let him to lay any money aside, when the executive retires, it can simply pay the deferred earnings tax to him out of current income. However, smaller companies may well want to get the money made to be sure they are met their contractual obligations in a future many years ahead. Then, too, some forward-looking men like to know where their money is actually invested in the retirement process. To meet these legitimate desires, an ingenious system of funding deferred compensation on an individual basis has evolved. It is possible for companies both large and small—sometimes very profitable, given a long-lived executive. It involves the future money of the retiree's executive with all the certainty he could wish short of the savings-bank passbook, which the U.S. will not swallow.

The funding is accomplished by the company's buying an its own health—with itself as beneficiary—what is known in the trade as a "key-man" annuity insurance policy. Profit Inc. is a subsidiary Vice-President Casser gets a riding order from Sales Inc. He is offered a \$15,000 increase in pay for the jump. Horatio is now \$15,000 a year in living on his old salary (a forced assumption, granted) he is a man contract with the tax life of say straight income and with no retirement needs. He takes the job, but only after negotiating an executive contract stating that the \$15,000 a year is to be withheld as deferred compensation, to be used to buy a "key-man" annuity policy guaranteed by his own retirement at age sixty-five some \$15,000 a year for the rest of his life. Sales Inc. signs up for a ten-year contract on Horatio's life with premiums of \$15,000 a year. Thus, the premiums are not deductible to the company, but the company is the tax-free beneficiary of Horatio's policy, and the cash reserve in it will accumulate compound interest at roughly three and a half per cent a year.

The next part begins. Horatio retires at sixty-five. The insurance company begins paying Sales Inc. \$15,000 a year. Of course Sales Inc., in effect, could endorse these checks over to Horatio. Instead Sales Inc. sternly tells the insurance company to keep its money and convert Horatio's annuity into a lump sum. Sales Inc. pays the \$15,000 a year retirement premium Horatio and of current income—deductible business expense—and sends. As Seller Three, a Vice President insurance specialist in key-man contracts, points out: "The corporation is immortal. The executive is not." When Horatio eventually dies Sales Inc. will reap a huge, totally tax-free windfall in insurance, considerably ahead of the premiums put in during his employment and the tax-deductible benefits paid out to him during his years in retirement.

Horatio himself will have no financial regrets on his way to the Big Beyond. He had a handsome guaranteed income for all the years of his retired life. His family all along, before retirement and after, were snugly provided against untimely death. In the calculus of income, who could ask for a more ideal end than question? ■



"If I don't come out in ten minutes, will you let me know when it's free of'clock?"

A color photograph of two men in a clothing store. On the left, an older man with glasses and a bow tie stands next to a younger man in a patterned suit. In the background, there are racks of clothes and framed pictures on the wall.

A color photograph of two men in a clothing store. On the left, an older man with glasses and a bow tie stands next to a younger man in a patterned suit. In the background, there are racks of clothes and framed pictures on the wall.

THE READY-MADE GUY: The overalls, at right, trying on a ready-made suit, in timelessness, produced at the publishing house of the same name (a record since Louisian Pagan's shop at World War II submarine operations. The Tenth Street, New York, at the Pagan's 1930 Avenue clothing store. Mr. Shadowny has a wide choice of fabrics and styling. On Pagan's suit, about \$200, featuring the Biber line, which begins at \$145, and Oxford, coming from \$245 to \$395 (for cashmere). This is roughly the same price of a custom-tailored suit, but there are reasons why many men are willing to pay it. Many customers prefer to try on a suit and see how it looks on them, rather than have to envision the finished suit from a fabric swatch. In addition, delivery is quick, because there is no necessity for substantial fittings. Custom tailors admit that makers of the ready-made suits are the best of imported fabrics. Clothing manufacturers are able to produce this because they buy in larger quantities than the individual tailor, and this reduces the overhead cost per suit. Furthermore, the big firms, like Brooks, claim they offer as much hand tailoring as any custom shop. Under a man is very difficult to fit, modifications can be altered to give complete satisfaction. And if necessary, Dr. Pagan, and comparable stores, will take special orders. Manufacturers also point out that they also top designers who are in close touch with the industry and update their fashions in fashion changes. Then they tell that they can offer more than a tailor who follows his own preferences year after year.



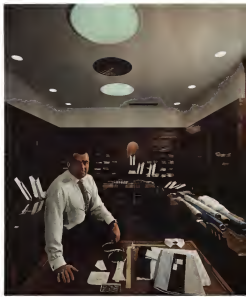


**CUSTOM-
VS.
HEAVY-MADE
SHORTS**

Mr. Skutensky (opposite), selection to hand, stands against an impressive background of dress shirts in De Fosse's. Solid whites, blues, greys, tans, and yellows are represented with a variety of variations from button-downs to corded-collared shirts, and with such distinctive variations as white collar and cuffs on horizontally striped bodices. Collar styles are equally diverse: regular points, tabs, button-downs, wide spreads. Fabrics, both domestic and imported, as well as workmanlike use of quality materials. Beginning at \$2.00,

prices here reach a \$15 high for fine two-button collars. De Fosse's also offers the service of having a shirt (about \$2) and trousers (about \$4) and trousers (about \$4) made to order. Even though ready-made shirts come in almost unlimited styles, the custom-tailored shirt is still popular. Mr. Skutensky, in A. Bulka & Company's Park Avenue custom-shirt department (above), knows that he will get an impressive, individual fit. Skutensky's shoulders and chest as well as the suit. Bulka offers literally

thousands of the finest shirting fabrics, including Peruvian silks, French velvets and other Swiss cottons, white-on-white broads, and every sort of fancy weave. Bulka's customers are men of affluence, and prices range from \$20 (light white broadcloth) to \$40 (a more luxurious fabric or an evening shirt). The store has try-on rooms, but a customer may suggest any subtle change in cut of collar, cuffs or shirt front, and Bulka can help him choose the length, spread and shape of collar most suitable for his face and physique.





CUSTOM-MADE VS. READY-MADE SHOES

"Custom shoemaking is a dying art," the speaker is Thomas Moore, of the renowned Oliver Moore, and the "art" mentioned by Moore, a 74-year-old San Francisco custom shoemaker, provides perfect fit and true balance, and, therefore, a shoe that lasts longer, never loses its shape. In custom shoemaking the word "city" is unmentioned, all is based on models, or "lasts," fashioned for the individual foot. Leathers are singly cut, soaked for softening, and the shoe is completely hand-constructed while the leather is damp. Prices, starting at \$1000, plus the initial two-month charge, depend upon the customer's choice of styling and materials and leather (excludes the high heels). Recently, Mr. Moore, in the Oliver Moore workshop, holds a full house when the shop models (\$1240). In the foreground, a mass-produced Scotch brogue (\$1280). Handmade means provide customer's last. The attention to detail, the price, of hand-produced shoe is a laborer's and Murphy's ready-made model especially for the shoe. It refers to T&E, J & W and other manufacturers of fine ready-made shoes for, selected leathers in stock (for sole leather J & W uses the first ship from the kitchen) for shoes, cuttings inside of the sole leather from the hand work of the shoemaker, making them to turn out high quality shoes in a more reasonable price range. Oliver Moore's shoes start at \$200 for men's, \$275 for hand-made models. Oliver Moore's shoes are made in the workshop more time and money for shoe styling and construction. The customer has a choice from the up-to-date creativity of his designs or of quality-constructed shoes.





After lunch not long ago, Darryl F. Zanuck Productions, Inc., a company of artists, craftsmen, and white-collar workers led by Darryl F. Zanuck, the labyrinthine producer of motion pictures, was in the process of making one about great old D-Day as a town would find itself as the new Omaha Beach on the English Channel shores of France. It was an interesting way to kill a bright and widely advertised, D-Day in the afternoon, as to speak.

"I won't say Mr. Zanuck is easy to work for," said Khachatur Geyrig, secretary to Zanuck and usually in his shadow, chuckling his short-tailed notebook. "He is not always debate in manner. But I like working for him. He never signs working. He's a dynamo. He's not a workaholic. When he's not working, he's thinking about working. He's not happy when he's working. Work is his life." After a pause, he added: "When he finishes dictating a letter, he thinks it's already mailed."

Darryl Zanuck had worked a year on the dynamic reconstruction of Cerebros

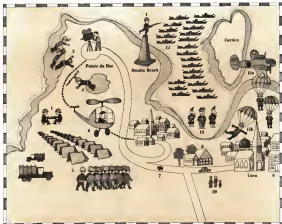
Ryan's script for this movie based on Ryan's book, *The General Day*, about that day, June 6, 1944, when the allies went ashore to break the last of all possible big wars that appear well be side to ourselves. When the script work had bagged down, Zanuck had hired "Henry Cavendish" (James Jones and James Gary who, he had said, "did good work"). You could have hoped to suspect that Zanuck's purpose was to glorify war, but it would not have been wholly true to prize him. You could have been sure that he wasn't remaking *Heavenly Creatures*, *Now Amos*. On the other hand, you could not have been sure enough to feel motivated that his new movie would be another in the Hollywood genre (read: war, in *Jeepers Creepers*), the phone, or "a killing game" that even if it was his life.

After all, in his time, Zanuck had produced *The Grapes of Wrath* and *The Ox-Bow Incident*. In spite of the fact that he had been credited as a Hollywood great (looked up by three *Academy Awards* and three *Oscar* Thaddeus

Awards and Lord knows what else) and a *Cinequest* by Peter Mancuso, as when every he had once appeared wearing a crown of *Men of Steel*, he would still, nonetheless, demonstrate an acute business sense—refusing to allow his name to be used rather than follow the American Public (i.e., *The Snake Pit*). Finally, he didn't really need the money. In 1944, when he had quit his \$500,000-a-year job as president of the Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation, he had kept the great bulk of his 500,000-plus shares of stock in that company, and that stock closed yesterday afternoon at \$2. Zanuck, in short, deserved a little performance. And even as it had become fairly apparent that your newspapers would be justified, he still hadn't deserved the adjective "mopey" which had been applied to his project by *Time* (they'd loved him in the *springtime* but not, it seemed, in the fall).

Anyway, with the script more or less in hand, Zanuck had assembled a cast and crew of hundreds—even thousands if you counted everybody who will be seen in the film—including a full-time doctor, forty people to staff the transportation corps, five doctors, and a chauffeur to drive his Jaguar and guard his box of *limo* cigars. He had got the build-up started on 100th and Atlantic with a studio in Paris, shot his first scenes at the *Champs* a week ago, twenty-two days of the Sixth Fleet for atmosphere, and moved late November to film combat sequences, often in the places where real battles had been fought.

Here at *Pointe du Hoc*, in the flat rising back from the high Channel cliffs, he had entered a battlefield made up of the title of a Japanese *Army* novel, a particularly under dramatic in which many Americans and Germans died on D-Day morning and hours, after seventy years, the burned-up land was again covered with brush, sensationally *thick* than before. The late William March, who had published *Company K* in 1955—about the same number of years after it was that Ryan had published *The General Day*—had said—well he had said he was not a war correspondent. "I don't see it was not difficult to understand about battlefields (the kind of the one killed on the field, and the bodies buried there, fertilized the ground and stimulated the growth of vegetation). That was all quite natural to me." But I could not agree with that too-simple explanation (the words): "To me it has always seemed that God is an old-fashioned man and that's exactly what I see in him, that he gives to the people when they have been as cruelly as possible." After clearing and his hundred feet, *Intermittent* had taken, an observer party of Zanuck's men with *bandwagons* had



burned off the primary and reduced the scrub trees to charcoal. Shell craters had been refilled, a bunker had been refurnished and draped with someplace (considered the design that had to defend themselves with, in these days), and a supply of rubber tires had been bought for burning in smoke pots so that during the firing the air would be filled with the smoky clouds of smoke. Then the company had arrived—*Providence*, for example, who could play German soldiers and who drank wine and smoked and played chess during the lull hour in that you knew they were French (and underneath the Nazi-green uniforms); U.S. Marines who would play U.S. Rangers (and of whom they had no need. "This is, in part, all that's going on now") and the professional performers who would play, eventually, themselves and among whom—*seriously* the likes of William Holden and Robert Wagner—were the remarkable *Providence* Paul Anka and Tommy Sands who might be able to get the teenagers out of the gin mills and into the

theaters. This last, at least, seemed to have been Zanuck's casting strategy. Overseeing all of it, Zanuck had shown an elaborate concern for a certain kind of truth—every gun, every uniform, every piece of equipment had to be somebody's or some nation's equipment of World War II or an exact replica thereof. Fortunately for his budget, there had been no need to fill the scene with all war planes. In the general of D-Day, his troops had bombers and fighters flying above them, but they were not able to see them. Had it been otherwise, Zanuck would have had to spend six or eight of his own.

Even without the planes, the cast of *The Pointe du Hoc* seemed—few members of film in the French movie—was approaching \$500,000.

On the location, Zanuck had his own movie chair with his name slanted on the back of it, black against bright yellow. He sat there for a while this afternoon, looking like \$500,000 was just a number in the scope of the thing, looking just about his age (52½), al-

Strategic Sites of the Grand Caumont

1. Mouth of the river in Omaha Beach where Zanuck had his office and his home.
2. Pointe du Hoc, and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
3. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
4. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
5. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
6. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
7. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
8. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
9. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.
10. Pointe du Hoc and the *Pointe du Hoc* made up of it.

most five feet seven (standing up) in his narrow shoes, wearing a shiny, shimmering sweater and a blood sport shirt with black piping, being today also an art historian. His eyes scribbled open over his eyelids (he is also bald, nose and the mouth, under the military mustache, clamped hard on a cigar, which he gnawed perpetually and born as a general bears his badge, standing up or sitting down).

"The logic of this thing, the logic is the greatest ever," he said, with intense satisfaction. "We're using more explosives than any five persons in the West."

French clouds of rubber smoke rolled over the location, rolled over Zaneck, and rolled on toward an orchard beyond the limits of the battlefield. An unseen letter carrier of the movie plot, it seemed, had thrown its extra tape on the fire.

As a member of *The Los Angeles Daily Observer*, bandleader Elizabeth Guzman, was often done by Zaneck during the afternoon. He was the author, scriptwriter, and technical director, Guzman was Ryan ("You, Ryan?" Zaneck would shout), who was a loved guy and a look at Ryan. In fact, as a twenty-four-hour-a-day war correspondent for the *London Daily Telegraph*. Later, while working a lively writing for American magazines, he had been gathering material for *The Los Angeles Daily*. Over a period of ten years, he had gained access to a staggering number of the secrets, including war records, private diaries, and secret battlefield survivors of D-Day on both sides and in the French underground. Largely thanks to Zaneck's efforts, the research had resulted in a book as vibrantly "objective" as an unexplored war scene, and so diffuse that it could hold no terror for readers in any country. As much as any fighting man, war came through as a battle. Sales of the book, under the circumstances, had amounted to more than 1,000,000 hard-covered copies in twenty-two languages. When it had been announced that Zaneck would "do" the book, Ernest Hemingway's (perhaps still reading Zaneck's 1981 version of *The Book of Ryan*) had called Ryan: "Don't Don't Don't!" Ryan, however, had done it and had stayed with it, apparently without cynicism and with a remaining passion for his subject matter. (One looking Zaneck's battlefield, cluttered with weapons, tools, and movie equipment, Ryan said: "Where we are now, this is the most quiet where the action took place. Two hundred twenty-five Rangers came up their eighty-foot cliff to where the guns in the backbone. Less than twenty-four hours later, only ninety were still on their feet. It was a brutal episode: a number of American lives

and nothing was accomplished. When the Rangers got it back, they found no gun. There were no war. The Germans had never reached them. What was worse, a message was sent four times from the French underground telling us that there were no gun at Pointe du Hoc, and four times no one paid any attention. The man who sent the message, Jean Martin, is alive and well here around here. Four times he sent the word, 'Inauguration!'"

Toward the back of the day, Jean Martin himself arrived on the location in response, was suspended, to someone's idea for a publicity photo. He was a tall, thin, tired-looking man with furrowed brows. He had dressed up in an old blue suit and a blue shirt. He was no actor, but he had learned his actor. He showed lovely with Ryan. When at last he was introduced to Zaneck, he smiled shyly and looked at the back of his head. Then Zaneck went back to his war and after a while Martin went away.

Robert Wagner, the actor, played two scenes that Zaneck shot in a small hotel near the commodious location and one in front of the barbed wire at the edge of the cliff. Dressed for combat, Wagner took his orders from the director, Andrew Markin, and the vigorous Zaneck was always there watching it, watching it, watching it, playing his own life role of Zaneck, the contemptuous Zaneck. Zaneck referred to the director as the most important demands on Wagner—asked by the scene sense of reality created on the location by the rubber smoke, the sounds (the waves roaring at the beach, the exploding black mortars, the clank of weapons, and even the squeak of G.I. boots), and the omnipresence of the sea, of death, death that had started here sixteen years before.

Wagner was involved. He had read Ryan's book—Zaneck said it is that everyone read it—but Wagner had read it on his own and hadn't wanted to be involved in the filming. He had spoken for a part. However, after visiting the American cemetery at Omaha Beach, he had come to believe that the movie was his personal responsibility. Then, too, Zaneck had been lucky for him in the past.

Between scenes, he told: "I was my career to Mr. Zaneck. Back in 1939, he saw my screen test and made me a star. He began by putting me in little spots, making me in his picture, building audience participation in my career. He called all the shots for me. He put me in a picture called *With a Song in My Heart*. Just two minutes in all. I had and I started getting \$3,000 a picture work. He predicted everybody would go out of the theatre saying who was that boy and he was right. . . . Well, only Zaneck could make two pictures."

Going his all, Wagner leaped into a shell boat, killed a German, charged up to the surface again, slipped, and he landed, recovered, and ran on out of camera range. Knowing he approached Zaneck: "Now was that, Mr. Zaneck?"

"Well, that was all right," Zaneck said around his cigar. "You ought to be some other."

With the light fading near the end of the afternoon, Zaneck asked it a day. The company's transportation corps had been summoned to duty. Zaneck's chauffeur climbed out of the black Jaguar and held the door. Cars were leaving with members of the cast and crew. "I'll tell you my biggest problem," Zaneck said. "My biggest problem is that everybody's memory of these battles is different." He got into the back seat of the Jaguar with Miss Guzman, who had her attention switched open on her lap. After a quick of his wheels, the chauffeur drove swiftly away, onto the highway to Paris and to the Hotel Maitland where the company's groupings were taking. But far behind, the chauffeur named Albert (being driving a black sedan) transported a group including twenty-four-year-old Tommy Sands, George Segal (another powerful actor in the cast), and their respective wives. At modest speed, David rolled down the Champs-Élysées past the old grey Norman farmhouse, the headquarters of Hitler's memory, and now again near of age. Tommy Sands was saying that he had now finished his part in the movie. Henry and he would be leaving in the morning for Paris, then possibly go as much to camp with the Stars. One of Joseph Kennedy's on the Riviera. As David drove, Sands and Segal were talking about their business and politics and magazine articles and politics and even the late Senator Joseph McCarthy.

"Who was he, George?" Sands asked.

"Joe McCarthy?"

"Yes—I already asked, who?"

"He said to be a senator from Wisconsin."

"When?"

"Oh, 1952, 1954, around then."

"Well, I was just a kid."

"Then you were a poor boy."

"I know, but I wasn't paying attention."

"Then, just ahead, still half an hour from Paris, Zaneck's Jaguar entered in the shoulder and Zaneck climbed out. He waved David off on a red Post square on the opposite shoulder. The driver was from Detroit, a French model, whom Zaneck had met three months earlier at a cocktail party in Paris. Although she had never acted in a motion picture, Zaneck forthwith had cast her in the leading female role of *The Loser*. "I needed a fresh (Continued on page 122)



"Stop making her when she's going to get married—she's only twelve years old!"

**WHO
DID
YOU SAY
WAS
THERE?**

The time has come to reassess the careers of the most break-even of the '60s, a time that was simple, primitive, unapologetic. That first creative life is now at its peak. Thanks to...
Thanks are not all-over

by Robert Egan
& Milton Glaser



WHO'S THERE?

ENCE, ENCE

THELMA

THELMA WHO?

THELMA, BEETLEMAN, LEE, THERE ANYONE SEEN LEE?

KNOCK, KNOCK

WHO'S THERE?

NOBODY

WHO'S THERE?

NOBODY



HAVING A GOOD TIME,
WOULD YOU WALK HERE?

KNOCK, KNOCK



Who's there?



NOBODY



NOBODY WHO?



NOBODY KNOWS GOOD WEATHER WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.



"Good, knock"



"Who's there?"



"None"



"Who's that?"



"None
just a
little bit
of
none"



Have A Home In The Virgins

Business is good; the climate is wonderful; there are centers nearby in St. Thomas, and the view is fantastic in San Juan. Now that the Virgin Islands are nearly as close to New York in time as New York is to Washington, why not build your second home on a palm-studded beach facing on the Caribbean? by RICHARD JOSEPH



"Cynthia says to put him in the shelter until she's ready to leave"

That scene may be different, but the script is always the same. A bunch of guys get together for lunch—it might be in New York's East Fifteen, or around Michigan Avenue, or someplace near the Packard Building in Detroit, or off Boston's State Street, or wherever—and one of the men, perhaps with double-breasted suit, announces at about the time of the second Martini, "Well, I'm finally packing on the rat race—I've bought myself a chunk of island!" and then takes care of the conversation for the rest of the luncheon.

Name it on the pretenses of contemporary business firms, or an intellectual, or what you will, but the fact is that never in recent history have so many been thinking so hard of getting away from so much.

One of the favorite escape routes these days seems to be the Virgin Islands. This we learned from a trip down there a couple of months ago, and from a lot of correspondence around restaurants and homes in some of the other people-drawn of escaping from.

Unquestionably the most important reason why men think about fleeing to the Caribbean is climate. And certainly the Virgin Islands have an idyllic weather stay at any place in the West Indies.

The temperature ranges from 70 to 80 degrees the year round, with an average mean of 78. There's a difference of only five degrees between the average temperatures in the hottest and coldest months of the year. What's more, the average humidity is very low for a tropical island, and the probably pollen-free air makes hay-fever victims happy again that they're alive.

But nobody has to be sold much on the joys of living on a palm-studded, beach-fronted island. What often bothers escapees fleeing toward the sun is the safety of the financial investment they'll have to make in the new good life.

Well, real-estate values in the resort islands of the Caribbean in the past few years have gone no place but up. The United States paid the sum of \$200 an acre for the Virgin Islands when it bought them from Denmark half-a-century ago. Today you'll pay at least \$5,000 an acre for a good homestead—more if it's beach-front property—and most of the increase in value has developed in the past fifteen years.

More important, in considering the safety of any possible investment, is the fact that you're still in the United States when you go to the Virgin Islands. You're not a foreigner waiting or staying there on varying degrees of indifference, but a full citizen enjoying the personal and financial protec-

tion of the Stars & Stripes. Moreover—a good old flag. Men contemplating the end of the rat race are often concerned about possible ill effects of the sudden discontinuation. The newspaper editorial page aside—if it's the world-wide jolly accounts of big wheels departing this vale shortly after their last eggs.

Here again, Old Glory waving over her Virgin provides happy shelter. There's no reason why you have to weave baskets or collect butterflies to pass the time after you've taken your leave of the modern fumes, since you can engage in just about any enterprise considered legal on the mainland. No money about such pursuits, or any bad type of that sort, but activities are somewhat fewer than in most U.S. cities. People are willing to pay for the pleasures of living here.

Many transported mainlanders—on vacation or as they're called in the islands—stand during little or nothing of their new surroundings, but soon start new businesses and before long they're as busy and affluent as they were back home. But they're busy in the sunshine, in sport shorts and shorts.

There is no crop harbor for the ten dollar though once left he failed by the same income taxes that did so little to enhance his joy of return on the mainland. Nevertheless there are a few pleasant special circumstances: some new businessmen are granted a seventy-five per cent reduction on Federal income taxes; those are no state or territorial income taxes, no sales or luxury taxes, and real estate is taxed at one and three-fourths per cent of assessed valuation.

Refugees from the Indonesian Chinese syndrome are often concerned about the instability of islands, which is understandable, since smaller means "ad or periculum to an island or islands," but they can forget these fears when thinking about the Virgin Islands.

Somewhere these islands have managed to attract a strangely sophisticated and cosmopolitan sort of refugee from Mainland, U.S.A. The same beauty and the Caribbean qualities of the towns have drawn photographers and painters, and librarians and students of many stripes and professions have found intellectual and cultural harmony in the islands' traditions of racial and religious harmony. This is a place where people let live and stand their own business, a sort of last look by the liquor. Cars don't drive here, and you'll enjoy as much traffic as you need on the mainland.

There's a pretty good concert season in St. Thomas and, what's more, San Juan with its theaters and symphony orchestra, its Carols Festival and its university is only twenty-

From Sorolago to Macleak, there's one name that gets the nod, and the shudder, from the jocks, bookies and fans by EDWIN POPE

Bill Hartack: Tough Guys Finish First

Hialeah Race Course, the rich green vortex of what Floridians lovingly call The House, was opening at an even faster speed than usual several winters ago when a small man caused a sensation by getting off a horse.

He was William John Hartack, Jr., a jockey, a hat-eyed dough-faced, duck-foot-two-inch stickler whose cornicles often dwarf his bronzed-and-oiled good body. On this occasion he had taken onto himself a privilege ordinarily reserved for track veterinarians. Backed from the starting gate, Hartack had declared a horse named Greek Candy and had refused to ride him. Unfortunately, \$126,000 had already been bet on Greek Candy, and the second-to-second schedule of a television network allowed no time for a substitute rider. Hartack thus was compelled to refund the full sum wagered on Greek Candy, at a cost to himself of \$5,000.05. The management, of course, was hardly suitable at this development.

Hartack had long since dismounted and was combing his brown pompadour in the jockey's room when a friend walked in. "You were right, BILL," the friend said amiably. "I guess you just didn't think it was fair to the public for a sure horse like that to win."

"To hell with the public," Hartack retorted.

"Ah," said Hartack's friend, "you don't want to say that, Bill. It doesn't sound good."

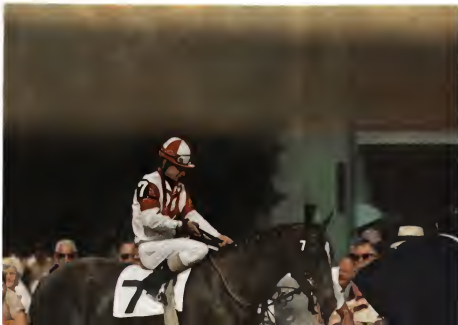
Hartack tucked his lips to his tiny chest. "Good good! Listen, if that horse breaks down and some other gets killed, the public don't get it in the sack. I'm the one who got it."

The voice rose to a din, rising pitch, vibrating eddily with his face and everything expression. "I'm the one who got it, the one who got it down for a week, two weeks, a month, the one who lost money. They can all go to hell before I ride a horse like that."

But he has ridden any horse like that since.

Ten years from now, when he'll be thirty-nine, if he is still alive, Hartack will still be the most terrible of thoroughbred swears, for he is committed to a forthrightness guaranteed to bring him bitterness by the racing press. It is equally certain he will not care. For if he survives a crash as horrendous that no track can be the difference between a \$14,000 check and the next wagon, Hartack also will be the world's best rider. "Only one thing is important," he advises an apprentice rider. "If you win five today, you win six tomorrow. That's race-riding."

In his working time over nine years, Hartack has won more than \$200,000 worth more than \$15,000,000 in wagers and nearly \$1,500,000 to himself. As a rider he has stolen the grace of Willie Shoemaker, the rockiness of Manuel Ycaza, nor the heady professional attitude of Arson. "The only thing he does right," says jockey Chris Rogers, one in his voice, "is win." Hartack believes and lives his words unswervingly, but he has won the Kentucky Derby twice in four tries, and four national championships based on number of winners' rides. "I believe Hartack is not only the best rider around," wrote Mike Barry, editor of the *Kentucky Blood-Horse*, and a severe critic of the Hartack temperament, "but the best our."





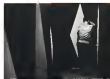
Wisdom is everything to Hartack. Wine, women, money, conflict are his pleasures. Yet they mean little. In his last year he will earn around \$250,000—but money is the least consequential of all things to Hartack. He has dated hundreds of America's leading beauties, but he seems to ignore many of them even while with them; secretly he is the fastest mover in paid sex work, but surely he may be avoiding the afternoon's rage, and he may want for no apparent reason. Long after his date has been delivered to her doorstep, he will be awake studying the next day's news in the *Daily Evening News* for details about the men and women. Acquaintances play it Hartack's way, not at all. He says the most. But long after the Greek Gods speak, he will be a clean people to a birthday party at his \$120,000 home. Parties like were at their height when Hartack turned off a slice of cake and retired to brood in solitary magnificence in his study—his. "I don't feel like talking," he said shortly, as the "party" tried to get into embarrassed clots of silence.

Such open opposition to conformity has earned Hartack the hostility of owners, trainers, track officials, fellow riders and most antagonists. To make matters worse, he has openly blasphemed stewards, the "Supreme Court" of racing. He has had several fistfights with other riders, and he even fought with Eddie Aronson, the well-known stable veterinarian of the track room. His apocalyptic tactics commensurate to the owners of the horses he rides. He attended a pillar of sports journalism in Jimmy Cannon of the New York *Journal-American* and with Chick Lang when the pleasant bond was shattered by Lang's last year.

Lang said he quit. Hartack said he fired him. No matter. For six years the assistant was all obedient, a salt lickered on a Jerry Lewis-Doris Meritt marriage. "Like looking down into Mr. Vanuxem every day," said Lang. "Today, as an executive of the Vanuxem and Charles Town tracks, the former spent time desperately to come up with things to do Hartack. He is a kindly man himself, and is generally fond of the ride. But his good intentions always weigh down in the professional of his own turbulent relationship with Hartack. "Early had a baby," Lang remembers, "of showing me out to public when one of his horses didn't win." A horse that is, of course, as he spent, had selected far less. One day he called me in the open at the Atlanta City track, wearing his arms and slapping giving me help. I kept quiet until the maid was over. When he was dressed and out of the track room, I grabbed him and said, "You little son of a bitch, you do that again and I'll break your skull!" Hartack said him a single scornful look, started into his Cadillac and drove away. "I don't think it made the slightest impression on him," Lang says happily. A little past the hour knock between Hartack and Lang, the driver of publicity at Purina fired an unprovoked shot at Hartack, in a sense to his staff, Charles Johnson, a former close friend of the rider, said "I would in good conscience instruct you to make any effort to connection with photographs, interviews or quotes from W. Hartack inasmuch as his frequent aggressively contemptuous makes it likely that such effort would be rewarded only with unprovoked abuse and attack. There is no reason for professional persons in pursuit of their duties to be so degraded by an impudent youth capable only of sitting on the back of a horse. . . . His moral character is . . . a deliberately intended ingenuously to put . . . nobility and elegance which he needs to find a childlike personality."

Johnson now says the memo was meant to be private, and he will not criticize Hartack publicly. "I'd just as soon he didn't have the pleasure of knowing that I realize he is a slave."

Hartack appears downright misanthropic in his relentless open controversy, and the effort is to subject himself to new more strenuous discipline. The few public compliments dangled in his way are produced by one of his few friends, never



Part of an actor's responsibility is to portray. Hartack (opposite top) complies by looking much like a victim. Opposite bottom is a head of a woman, suffering her distress in only half of pain. Part of an actor's responsibility is to portray. Hartack (opposite bottom) takes care of Hartack in all ways possible, and the head of which is a great time even in the short time preparatory to a grueling afternoon on the track. It would be all in the body jacket, it will may not be everything. He does find the time to court many beautiful women, such as the lady (top) with whom he seems to be less serious than in character. But usually Bill Hartack is a lone man, fighting and pleading (above).



by himself. He maintains his father as a lavish 275-acre farm in West Virginia, has sent a sonar through the University of Miami, contributed thousands of dollars to a youth program. Only because of a friend named Bob O'Connor and a personal secretary, Paul Horley, have such facts come to public attention. Hartsack seems to delight in flaunting his misadventures and burying his benevolences in silence.

Hartsack has his most faithful following at the 33-window at the thoroughbred track. There are the most serious of all bettors, and they are the ones who bank Hartsack most enthusiastically. There is a slogan posted boldly in stencils: a major premise—"My purpose is to win money"; a minor premise—"Hartsack wins the most money"; and a conclusion—"I use this money by betting on Hartsack."

Usually they take all the money of it is odds. "As soon as I get on a 5-to-1 shot," Hartsack promises realistically, "he drops to 3-to-1." But lately there have percentages going for them in another way. Hartsack's winning percentages for nine years in several two-to-one per cent, including a blockbuster twenty-eight per cent in 1997. In his relatively brief experience he also has progressed from an unbridled riding style to a disciplined one ("Friday to Work," says against Lang), and he seldom is disappointed for another riding. "That's the most aggressive rule since Ted Atkinson," says jockey Pete Acapulco, "but you can't bring anything on him. He's clean as a whistle." And neither of his defensive comments. "Hartsack is a vicious fighter. That he's unusual in that, but it is unusual as hell among successful jockeys. The more money they make, the fewer chances they take. . . . But Hartsack is an absolute nut on risk-taking, no matter what the risk. He also has an uncanny ability to achieve the right position early in a race

When you are riding cheap horses, position and handle are tremendous factors."

The analytical battle knows, then, that Hartsack is always losing. This is more significant than the forces of revenge might have one think. Despite recent's strict self-guiding, even the most berated patron knows he has no more right to expect ten jockeys in the same race to be giving one hundred per cent than he might expect ten birds to follow, ten fishermen or two theatergoers to be going off with it any given moment. Often errors and mistakes with losses on a "shortage" for another race. At such times riders are instructed not to "jump" their mounts. Not the least reason Hartsack is a sensation in his own business is his behavior upon riding each race to win. "There's no such thing as a one-up rule with Hartsack," says jockey Strick, a prominent favorite.

Hartsack openly enjoys his power, which is not surprising in view of his childhood poverty. His father was a coal miner, his mother died while he was in grade school, and little Hartsack did the housework or got a washing. Today he lives a life bettering a quarter-million-dollar-a-year bachelor in his sprawling home in Miami Springs. Unlike other celebrities who settle up the Florida Gold Coast, he spends late his telephone number. However, he respects all visitors through a tiny posthole, and a large and brilliant dog across all corners.

Against Lang remembers the days of their friendship. "Billy used to come over to my place and play checkers with my thirteen-year-old boy. I've seen my boy start to make a move, then try to withdraw it, and Billy would say, 'Oh, no, you already moved.' My boy would say, 'But, Dad, we're not playing for home.' And Billy would look my boy in the eye and say, 'I see. With me, everything is for keeps.'"



"So long, Gus, see you tomorrow!"

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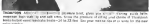
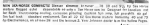
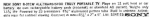
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